Joab Otis Bosworth
1879 - 1890
A memoir

BY HIS WIFE

Leonora L. Bosworth

1892

Harold, and perhaps a little, Arthur, remembers the morning we left home for the Chautauqua season at Glen Park, a summer resort in the mountains near Denver.

The two summers preceeding we had enjoyed at our mountain home in Manitou and another, three years before, when Arthur was a tiny, delicate baby, at Pine Grove--not farther from Denver. Thus, it had been several years since we had had the relief of a lower altitude, and for months previous to our going to Glen Park we had planned that this summer (1890) the vacation should be spent in California by the sea. Grandma and Grandpa were already there, and Aunt Bertha, doing all in her power to charm us thither, lured us by a prospective wedding.

It was this summer, in one of my wakeful nights, when passing your Father as he slept, something in his posture or the straightness of the sheet covering him made him look to me as if he slept that sleep which knows no waking. And this fancy so wrought upon me that I could not sleep. Your Father said to me with careless tenderness, "Surely, Dear, you need a change."

Father was to go with us to the coast or else come later and return with us. I longed to see him for one whole month, free from business cares, playing like a boy with his own boys. I pictured the fun you would have learning to swim and row with your Father; and I thought of the rambles and chats on the beach, cheery in sunshine or fog, with dear Father with us all day

long for one month at least.

The previous winter a company had been formed to bore for oil near Denver. In this project your Father was much interested, being one of the organizers of the company and its president. As the seasen advanced his duties in connection with this company and those of his growing manufacturing business threatened to prevent his vacation. Soon Father said he could not be away this summer. Our castles by the sea were crumbling very fast now for I could not be persuaded that we need go away for three months and leave dear Father in the city's heat without home comforts while we in good degree of health idled at the seashore.

Very seldom did I decide anything alone;your Father's judgment contented me. Yet it did not seem that he decided for me--nor I for him--some way we came to conclusions together. But this time I took the lead and needed no help to the conclusion positive that'if Father could have no vacation, we would not.' "The children are well," I said, "and we will all take long rides together into the country in the early mornings and evenings." Thus, though occasionally, at some indication of nervousness, Father would remark that he feared we were making a mistake in not going to the coast, it was settled agreeably to all that this summer we would be at home.

Do you remember going with Mother to a resort in

the suburbs of the city when the grounds were beautiful with shade trees and grassy slopes and flowers; there were little lakes with swans floating about and an open pit in which bears delighted you with their antics. Other wild animals were in cages and pretty pets grazed on the lawn or rested in their shelter. We spent the afternoon there and dear Father came after business hours. Our supper was a picnic in the grove. but even with this it was difficult to detain you hungry boys, so eager were you to "take Papa to see the animals." Father started on his tour with baby Robert on his arm, Arthur by the hand and all of us as near to him as possible. And so, after all had been seen, we returned to our home in the twilight of a pleasant day.

Recall another time when after an early tea we went with your Father on the new electric car into the heart of the city. Then on the cable car away from the busy streets out over the hill as far as we could go in the country. The air is cooler and more gentle as we leave the crowded streets. Like a gosamer drapery the evening mist envelopes magnificent structures of brick and stone, softening all their outlines as if He "whose work is perfect" would add unto man's best efforts the beauty and grace beyond him. Then, as if all this were not enough, the car wheeling about and waiting brought us in full view of the western sky. Over the subdued misty city the heavens were in a glow,

wave upon wave of rosy light rolling on to the blue mountains and beyond in silvery ripples to heights so near to heaven that their whiteness never fails. All this on earth--then what in heaven?

Windows were open heavenward--the windows of the soul--and the glory and quiet of the outer world filled all the place with a holy calm till from the twilight haze we heard the whisper,'yet now ye see through a glass darkly.'

That evening "Be still and know that I am God" woke only the echo "God is love."

Harmoniously without word or command or slightest jar the car left the turn. Robert nestled in Father's arms asleep, and little Arthur was too sleepy for comfort until we came into the city gay with thousands of electric lights and many people. Arthur wakened to enjoy his "sweet first time" downtownafter dark; and for Harold it was not far from the first time, so for you both a city after dark was wonderland. When we were home again and Father and I had put you boys to bed saying for you the prayers you were too sleepy to utter but not willing to forget and he and I were alone, we were triumphantly glad there were not two thousand miles seaward between us.

The summer days grew very warm. Harold, generally perfectly well, complained of small indispositions;

then baby drooped until we were compelled to think again of leaving the city, but only for some place in the mountains where you r Father could be with us over Sunday and often a day or two besides. Glen Park, two hours ride from Denver, offered us the privileges of the Chautauqua season and the opportunity to gratify you boys in your desire to live in a tent. We could have hotel accommodations for meals and a chance to escape from tent life should it not prove agreeable.

Harold remembered there were more boys and more noise in town than out the Fourth of July so it was preferred that we should not leave home until after that day which was close at hand. Of this celebration you boys could tell better than I. You must have had the usual abundance of fire crackers and little Rob his first torpedoes--all of us the fun of teaching him to use them. Yes, and there is a firecracker pistol here now which Arthur is treasuring because "Papa got it and it burst and Papa fixed it," wrapping it securely with wire and then he taught his little boy a better way to handle it.

I remember the evening before the Fourth when your Father brought home the fireworks he brought for his baby pet a doll, Robert's first doll, and Papa thought to buy it because his baby was too little to fire crackers and chasers and he wished to make it up to him in some way. So was your Father always--peculiarly kind and thoughtful for others.

The morning of the Fourth was glorious with sunshine and patriotism. Your Father and I trimmed the porch with flags while you boys went on making a noise, and on and on you went with it, your playmates joining, till the day was lively for you--and for us in our anxiety to keep you from accident. In the evening we joined with our friends, Mr. and Mr. Little and your playmate Clarence, for the display of fireworks. Harold was permitted to send off Roman candles and Clarence and Arthur dared to help. That was a pleasant gathering of neighbors and Father and Mr. Little spared no pains to delight us. But do you remember that little Robert would not look at the bright flashes of light. He shut his eyes nor would he open them for the most tempting display. To see his Father in the lurid calcium light--streaks of light shooting hither and yon--with the noise--was fearful to him. We were surprised for a braver baby than Robert we had never known. Ah, baby dear, since then I cannot bear such light without distress and as thy mother comforted thee, so must God comfort me.

The summer exodus from the city had broken the classes in the Sunday school so that the usual responsive exercise could not be well given. One evening after I had seen you little ones snugly in bed and baby asleep, I came into the sitting room where your Father was writing. The New Version of the Bible was before him and the Sunday school hymn book was at hand.

He seemed to be working rapidly so I did not disturb him but took my book and sat bear. In a few minutes your Father said he was arranging a new exercise for the Sunday school (he was the Sunday school super intendent). Passing me the hymn book, he asked "how do you think that hymn would do for the closing of the school?" I read the hymn designated, said it was good but that I thought it not quite so appropriate as the one we had been singing, "God be with you till we meet again". I expressed preference for the last stanza of the new hymn. Dear Father read the piece through again; then he said earnestly, "I like it, I like it all, and think I will use it." The hymn follows.

Thou, Lord, my path shall choose
And guide shall be.
What shall I fear to lose
While I have thee?

Chorus

This be my portion blest,
On my redeemer's breast
In peaceful trust to rest.
He cares for me.

Sweet words of peace and love
Whispered to me,
Bearing my soul above
Life's troubled sea.

Chorus

To Thee, the Only Wise,
What ever be,
I will lift up mine eyes,
Joyful to Thee.

Chorus

The exercise began with the stanza, "Come Thou, Almighty King."

Come thou, Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing
Help us to praise.
Father all glorious
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

The verse of scripture with which your Father would lead the school was "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth".

The exercise was arranged in a brief time that evening, given to the printer next day, and was in use in the School the following Sunday. Quickness of decision and execution was characteristic of your Father. He lost no time in hesitation or regrets. He met a task and did it unhindered by any thought of himself or what might be thought of his effort and hurried to do something more.

It had been folly to insist on staying at home longer. Robert was so fretful that almost in despair

at the consequent delay in our preparations for departure, I took the little dear to see if there might not be another tooth coming. Imagine my surprise at discorering that Robert's throat was ulcerated. Immediately Harold went to tell Father and to call our family physician. It was decided that it would not be safe to take baby from home for several days,and thus it came to pass that Father was in the city one more Sunday and sang with the school the first time the new exercise was used.

"To Thee, the Only Wise,
What ever be,
I will lift up mine eyes
Joyful to Thee."

The following Monday we were off , with Robert comfortably well and everything promising a happy time. When I think how little care I had, I wonder if dear Father was burdened with anything I should have done. But your Father had a gift for managing and enjoyed it. What do you remember of the journey? Do you remember how often baby Rob would have Father hold him and how we all shared the funny little lunch Arthur had slipped off into the pantry by himself to prepare, cold muffins cut in pieces to fit into a pink candy basket, the chinks between the bits filled up with sugar, and cord wound round and round the basket to keep on the lid? How Papa laughed over that lunch! and how

he seemed to enjoy it to please Arthur.

Did I not sit there wearing a crown in the eyes of all--the crown of my husbands happiness? And I knew he loved me. I was glad and proud. We were all so satisfied with one another I had not cared however long the journey; but it was a short way to Palmer Lake. Then in the hack to the Glen there was only time to remark the delightful freshness of the air and the picturesque view as we rounded the curves going down into the ravine where among the pines were scattered the white tents of visitors with here and there the buildings of the Chautauqua Association. On one side the hills sloped up to meet the mountains and off in the opposite direction the Glen opened on several great rocks, quaint and distant, to which a smooth winding road invited.

The tents looked well from afar, but I confess when baby was set down on the bare floor of the "accommodations" we had written for my expectations were not so high as when we were on the hilltop. The tents were huddled together, generally close to the dusty road. Ours, not intended for housekeeping, was backed against somebody's cooking stove just so we would be obliged to note all the results of inconvenient housekeeping and feel its effect on the tired mother and little ones. I do not know what you boys thought of the coveted "camping out" but I know, though Father and I expressed no disatisfaction, we were not pleased and knew we would break camp at the first opportunity.

We went to dinner at the Hall and immediately thereafter started out estensibly to stroll, really hunting more agreeable pleasure grounds. Papa and Harold went through the glen by shady paths and up a steep hill th the town of Palmer Lake to locate the postoffice and any other conveniences. Arthur, baby, and I spied out the land about us, far as the baby feet could go. We discovered an old well with rustic seats about it; we played with stones and flowers and loitered on the porch of a pretty vacant cottage from which the view was pleasing. We saw Father and Harold returning and succeeded in attracting their attention, and they came on to meet us. A little longer we lingered by the way then started for the tent, Papa carrying little Rob. Father and Harold had found a pretty place for the tent, but it was not convenient to dining hall, auditorium,or hotel and was only mentioned by way of encouragement. On the evening train came Della our maid. She had been left at home to finish up. Ehough we slept well that first night in a tent, the morning found us no more contented. I remember hearing a child in a nearby tent cough and anxiously investigating to see if it were whooping cough, which it was not.

We told the superintendent of the Park that we wished to change our location and preferred to be at Palmer Lake. In the cool of the day your Father and I went over to the lake side to see what the hotel

was and if a desirable place for a tent could be found near. We had a pleasant walk, were satsfied with the hotel, and soon found such a place as we wished for our tent, if only we could have it for we learned it was in private grounds and that the owner, whose home was distant in the grove, was not in the habit of entertaining "campers". But we are not truly campers we reasoned, for we will do no cooking,and taking courage of our honesty of purpose to do the place no harm, we went on planning how we might pitch the tent so a flood of sunshine would greet us with the coming of the mornings..

I wish I could describe this place to you boys, or I wish you could remember it, for we were permitted there--but the younger can not. As your Father and I stood where we thought was prettiest for the tent we looked toward the east over the ravine between hills green and decked with pine trees far up and on to heights where the pines looked like a fringe trimming the blue sky. From the Glen, paths cut the hillsides, one winding up to the observatory where we might note with clearer vision the twinkle and march of the starry host--"unfathomed mystery, unwritten history". Below us, out from the ravine a picturesque road lead into the Glen and on far as we could see into the open country beyond which was the horizon, a line of purple undulating hills. Back of us were mountains and the shadows fell more darkly among the pines, but brightness rested on the loftiest height as if the jagged peak held fast

the trailing garments of the King of Day. It was a calm, beautiful evening and we were happy as two lovers. Yes, and more happy, for the happiness young love dreams of, we realized.

We turned to go back to our boys. A stream of clear water trickled across our path, and following it up a little way, Father said, "It is a spring I could clear so we would have pure water." On in the path we were going; through the pine grove, through a narrow gateway to the hotel perhaps a Half block from the spot we had chosen for the tent; and on through the little town, down the steep incline into the Glen now dark, so dark we often stumbled, missing the path. Together we picked our way across streams, now on scattered stones, and again we crossed walking a log, a strong hand holding me. Ah, we enjoyed that ramble scramble after dark! Though all the tents looked alike in the starlight and the place was unfamiliar to us, we would find our own; you boys were the lodestone drawing us on. You were asleep when we found you, but the "good nights" had been said with "good bye". The day was done.

Wednesday your Father had an appointment to conclude the purchase of lots adjacent to his manufactury and must be in Denver by noon. It was early that morning that we sought the lady whose pleasant home was far up in the grove in which we wished to pitch our tent and obtained the desired permission. We also en-

listed the supreintendent of the Park to move the tent for us, and that good-naturedly, although it was to his interest to keep people in the Park. These favors we appreciated then, but since, remembering, my appreciation is the sincerest gratitude. The change to Palmer Lake made additional expense for us, but when the comfort of his family was involved your Father spared no expense. I remember Father telling the superintendent to make the change for us quickly as possible and that if he had not time to finish the work as it should be, Father would better it when he came Friday. Yes, Father would come to rest and keep doing for us all the while. I made up my ming there would be little work left for Friday.

When we returned to the tent for Father to say good bye, Harold was lying on the bed with flushed face and an aching head and back. How the heart fails to be overtaken by the very calamities one thinks escaped! Aloud we only said that Harold had climbed about too much in the heat the day before and would be all right if he would rest a few hours. Father and I knew we were anxious about the child because he had not been well before we left home, but the only expression of this anxiety was in the reassurance that "Papa would surely come again day after tomorrow"; And then Father kissed us all good bye and hastened to catch the hack. Less than and hour later was brought to me one of your Father's business cards on the back of

which, while riding in the hack he had written some more suggestions for Harold's comfort. It was not that Father thought I would leave anything undone for our boy's recovery but only because he could not forget us. If a finger was cut, it was Father who could wrap it best. When I was ill no one could make me so comfortable as my husband did. I almost enjoyed my rare illnesses so delightful was it to be babied as I was then, dear Father even feeding me when I could have helped myself. No ailment was ever too small to awaken your Father's sympathy and enlist his tender ministrations. That hastily written card advising for Harold's relief is among the treasures I am keeping for you boys. I do not need to treasure such things for myself although the evidences of my husband's love are inexpressibly dear to me. These sacred memories I shall never outlive, nor would you boys, only that to you the world is all so new. You will reach after so much; so much the years will force upon you that these events of your first years must be crowded far into the background. It cannot be otherwise in minds only finite.

We were to move Thursday evening. Thursday morning Harold was much better, but Arthur was ill, too ill to sit up. A sociable stranger in passing mentioned to me that a little child in a tent nearby was dying with diphtheria. Such was the beginning of our pleasure seeking. Sorry enough was I for the mother of that sick babe, but the proximity of diphtheria with

my children already ailing was too much for my composure. The day was fair and thinking you boys would be better off in purer air away from neighbors whether we had a house or not; we called a hack, with wraps and hammocks made a bed therein for Arthur and drove rapidly away to the site selected for our tent, leaving Della to stay with the baggage until evening.

I wonder if Arthur can remember lying in the grove watching the construction of the tent? Poor child! Your were so weak and ill I can not but pity you yet, nor know I whom to pity more, you or your Mother so anxious and distressed was I for you. When I gave you a drink, when I sheltered you from the light breeze, when I touched your cheek and counted your pulse as you slept, I thought of that diphtheria. What a mother suffers thus only a mother knows.

Baby played about until his nap time, and then he readily fell asleep. You were my babes in the woods, and all went well as would be under the circumstances until from the overcast sky the rain began to fall. Oh, the horror there was in the thought of Arthur's taking cold in the beginning of that dread disease, diphtheria! We had thought the shower would go round us; but no, it finally came suddenly upon us as we were hastening to the hotel. Dear Arthur was brave, with every step he took hurting his throbbing head. I could not carry him for Robert was asleep and his chubby self was a good armful for anyone. Our bungling, awkward haste as I carried baby and led Arthur,

trying at the same time to shield him from the rain and carry the overburden of wraps and baskets, although Harold did his best to assist with these, must have looked very funny. Entering the hotel, a stranger with a sick child, and feeling the solicitude of every mother we encountered as to whether or not what ever we had was "catching"--these things made up a situation as uncomfortable and taxing as any season of small annoyances I have ever known. However, by evening my cares began to fold their tents and steal away as did the clouds. Arthur was more comfortable, Della had come, the tent was in place, furniture and trunks there, so that after a substantial dinner at the hotel we had only to make a way through the things which had been hastily set into the tent and tuck you little ones in bed, which we made haste to do, and I am sure that evening your mother quickly followed you. The morning came after a restful night. When we wakened the tent was light and when we untied the "door", a flood of sunshine filled the room just as Father and I had planned for. The freshness of the morning, the odor of the pines, the waking of bird and insect life, the color in the landscape, all were too delicate, too delightful, for expression.

Did you take cold sleeping with only a canvas between you and all out doors? Not at all, though until that time even the open space we might have in our window had been thoughtfully gauged. One of the

charms of this day was to learn that the dear little baby in the Glen was not suffering from diphtheria and to attribute all of Arthur's fast disappearing discomfort to a piece of Chautauqua pie.

It may be years before you boys read this; will you care to look into the tent then? Perhaps, so I picture it. The dimensions of the tent I have forgotten, but it made a large room and was well floored. It was raised from the ground the height of two steps. Over the floor was spread the Kensington Square from our dining room at home. To the left as you entered the room was light stand on which we kept water bucket, tray, and glasses and anything else which would spill. Next was the bed where Harold slept. Beds, tables, and chairs were furnished us, but we had our own bedding. At the head of Harold's bed was another table like the first on which were the books we had brought with us and your Father's picture. Next was the bed where mother and little Robert slept, and across, with just room for a trunk between was the third bed for Arthur and Della. This bed stood in what we called the dressing room because it was partioned off by curtains. at the foot of this bed was another trunk and next a drygoods box in which bedding had been packed but which now, with cover and curtain, did duty for another table to hold hats and wraps--and conceal rubbers and anything else too useful to be dispensed with but too plain to be in sight. An upright beam in the middle of the room reached to the top of the tent. On this beam hung the hand glass which was the only mirror we

had thought to bring with us. A rope across one end of the "Dressing room" supplemented our trunks for closets. Near the door hung the sponges, tooth brush rack, towels, and the tin wash basin. Two or three camp chairs completed the furnishing. Three beds in one room, yes, but it was as if that room wase all out-of-doors. Outside under the fly was our reclining chair, the one your father had given me for an anniversary present a short time before Arthur's birth. In the afternoon it was here in the shade, but if we cared to use it in the morning it was wheeled to the back of the tent. Robert's carriage was outside too, And on the tent were flags we had brought with us from the Fourth of July trimmings. Across the path and a short distance further hung the two hammocks.

I should have gone on from our waking Friday morning to breakfast, then back again to a pleasant bustle of preparation for Father's coming, recalled our meeting Father at the depot and bringing him in triumph to the new place, gone to dinner, a happy reunited family, and to the tent again where Father tightened the tent popes and placed the large box in place for that third table. Yes, I should have drawn my picture after Father came for I am sure home in the tent was not so complete until after he helped us finish it.

After you boys were asleep, Father was mine for a quiet evening. Those evenings in the grove among the mountains in starlight or moonlight with the flit-

ting shadows and the hush of night and my husband with me, it seemed to me we were acting out a poem. Yet, when I was busy for you children it was the same to Father as if I were devoting myself to him; and when you engaged all of Father's attention I was only thankful my boys had such a father. Many a time when I have seen you with your Father as he worked or mended a toy for you; when I have seen and heard you in your frolics with him, have I thought of the safeguard your Father would be to you through your youth. Often when Harold's bright curly head bowed with his Father's over some picture of machinery in the Scientific American have I observed them gratefully and hoped they would be so companionable when Harold should be grown to manhood. Saturday morning dear Father with you boys for help cleared the spring, then found a better one and walled it in with rocks picked from the way. Later in the day Father and Harold strolled away back of the tent, through the grove, into the canyon, and far up to the reservoir. They returned assured of fishing and with bouquets of wild flowers which were presented to us with regrets that 'the walk was too steep for Mamma and Arthur'.

Another evening darkened into night which brightened into Sunday. It was this Sunday morning that we took our Bibles, the Sunday School Times, pillows, a quilt to spread on the ground and went where the hammocks hung to enjoy our morning reading and as long thereafter as we chose. After lunch Harold and Father

attended Sunday school in the auditorium and came home a new way, through new beauty. I did not go to Sunday school? No, I stayed at home and read to the younger boys; and when my husband came, he brought me flowers. Connect the things we did by happy thoughts and continuous quiet satisfaction.

Monday came and Father must go. So soundly you boys slept, your Father's farewell kiss did not waken you. Mother went to the train with Father that morning at five o'clock and returned before you had left your beds, but you were awake and already "lonesome for Papa".

While in the Glen we attended a Chautauqua children's meeting. I thought the older children were expected to do more memorizing than I wished Harold to do in vacation because he had done unusually well in school, but I could see no objection to four year old Arthur's going every day as he wished if the walk from Palmer Lake should not prove too long for him. Accordingly nearly every morning Arthur and I went from breakfast to this meeting at Music Hall, a distance not less than a mile. The singing especially pleased Arthur, and we learned a number of songs which were to "surprise Papa".

This is one:

Tenderly guide us, oh Shepherd of Love
To the green pastures and waters above.
Tenderly guarding by night and by day
Never from Thee will we stray.

Never! never! never from Thee will we stray.

Over our weakness Thy strength hath been cast.
Keep us, oh keep us thine own till the last.
Never from Thee shall we stray.
Never! never! never from Thee shall we stray.

And another:

I can not do great things for Him
Who did so much for me.
But I should like to show my love
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Savior, may I be,
Faithful in very little things,
O, Savior, may I be.
There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee.
And always every day
There are some little loving wards
Which I for Thee may say.
There are some little loving words
Which I for Thee may say.

There are some crosses I may take.
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Some sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee,
I may do every where.

And litle bits of work for Thee.
I may do everywhere.

So I ask Thee to give me grace
My litle place to fill
That I may ever walk with Thee.
And ever do Thy will;
That in each duty, great or small
I may be faithful still.
That in each duty great or small
I may be faithful still.

And this prayer:

Father we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care.
And all that makes this day so fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do in work or play
To grow more loving every day.

Yea, verily, these morning hours were golden. After leaving the hall the assembly scattered to all parts of the glen. Few went more than a short distance on the road to Palmer Lake. The way was often warm and dusty, but as we trudged along, your little hand in mine, Arthur, we would sing softly to ourselves the songs we had sung at the meeting that we might not forget them before Papa came. Ah, my boy, those were good words and happy hours--a drop, which though lost

sight of in the ocean of your life, I trust is yet a power therein.

The five o'clock afternoon lectures on Botany, the yet more entertaining talks on Astronomy with several delightful outings for star gazing, the course of lectures on "First aids to the Injured" Harold will remember with pleasure. These with others as, "Studies in the Psalms", "The German Universities", "The Masses vs. Culture", "The South as it was and Is" with the long quick walks to and from the Auditorium together with my faithful maid's care of you little ones refreshed and stimulated me as I can not tell but by explaining. Because of my Arthur's delicate health I had withdrawn from the literary society in which I had been for years a member. Arthur was less than three years old when Robert blest us with his coming. Robert was fat and jolly, but no mother has much time for books with two babies in whom she delights. You will understand in what fragments of time my home study was accomplished and smile too when I tell you that when Arthur was hungry he would cry, "My Bible!-My Bible!" because when I took him to nurse, I would take my Bible and read the "Daily readings" of the Bible Correspondence School. This same good book is minus a half page in two places because Sir Robert under the same circumstances found the book in his way, and his quick, forceful little hand sundered the thin page instantly. To Robert's credit let me say that often since he has been old en-

ough to know and love this book, he has patted the torn pages regretfully.

I never enjoyed study more than I did this Bible study, but I stayed at home closely, so that by the time baby Robert was nearly two years old I felt out of touch with the times. I was hungry for general up-to- date knowledge and craved the social life I had neglected. This was why that having to go some where we chose the Chautauqua resort and why the three weeks there built me up in body and spirit as they did. My nerves were never stronger nor my general health better than after this season of refreshing.

Your Father came always Friday or Saturday, but he never found me away at a lecture nor did I ever leave him to attend one. We were too happy to have him with us for that. There were some evening entertainments to which Father went with us, the younger boys excepted, but the rest of the time dear Father was with us we had a picnic--lived out of doors at our ease, which was just the change Father needed after attending to business in the city's heat.

Do you remember your pet dog, Pedro? He was one of six which surprised us from a nest under our porch, six tiny dogs and the mother dog which we had never seen until she led forth her little family and old Don, the great Newfoundland that we had had since Father brought him to Harold when Harold was a year old and Don was a pretty black, curly plaything of half as

many months. This was the family of pets which amused you and your playmates, and indeed we older ones too, for who could be indifferent with ten or twelve beloved children, most all boys, having a rousing circus and menagerie on the front lawn? Hurt the lawn? Yes, but help the boys, and the lawn survived. Often you would fill Robert's buggy with the little dogs and take them to ride. Many a passer by have I seen stop in amused admiration at the funny sight.

Pedro was the prettiest dog; he looked just as old Don used to, even to the white spot on his breast, only Pedro's tail was tipped with white. Pedro was caressed and chosen and loved until you were willing to distribute all the other dogs if you might keep that one.

One Sunday morning about four o'clock I was wakened by Don's barking and growling and a general commotion under the porch. I looked aut, saw no one, but I wakened your Father. We went to the dining room window and saw two men half a block away. One carried something and we were quite sure, though the light was dim, that it was the tip of Pedro's tail visible from under the man's arm. Your Father hastily dressed to follow the men, while I made sure your pet was gone. The mother dog in the most sensible manner brought out her family, as if she appreciated her loss. The prospect of your grief hurried us, but the men were out of sight when your Father mounted his bicycle to overtake them. A half or three quarters of an hour

later I saw Father coming walking, managing his wheel with one hand, while the other arm carried the rescued Pedro. Father had come in sight of the men just as they turned a corner and had overtaken them at their own door.

After this Pedro received more attention than ever, and by common consent went with the family to Palmer Lake. Harold and Papa took no account of the extra steps taken in teaching Pedro to stay in the grove while we went to the Hotel. They would tie the frisky canine outside the tent (had we left him inside every thing within his reach might have been in shreds when we returned); then at his yelping, they would turn and discover that he was wound up in the rope. Back they would go, untie him, shorten his rope, or decide to leave him untied, start on, find the dog following, drive him back, and so on a half dozen times or more with a few stones mildly interspersed until the dog lost sight of us. When we returned, Pedro was rewarded with abundant rations carried to him from the hotel.

The time that Pedro destroyed the trimming on my pretty street hat you boys thaught he certainly would be sent home, but again he escaped and continued to add much to your pleasure, something to our patience, and not a little to our inconvenience.

The first Saturday that Papa and Harold went up that"steep way" to the reservoir to fish I comforted little Arthur by lying down with him until the prescribed nap overtook him. The clouds had threatened

rain but when Arthur wakened they had passed by, and we started up the path to 'surprise Papa and Harold'. Arthur stands by me now. I have said to him, "Dear, do you remember how we surprised Papa and Harold when they were fishing?" He says, "Yes," all enthusiasm, "they thought we were not big enough, and first we did not know the way, but we found them way up by the big water, but they didn't have a fish, and then we had fun pushing Pedro into the water and seeing him swim out, and when the rain came, Papa carried me most all the way home."

You boys had gone "fishing Mad"; the only time you had tried the sport before was in the bay at San Diego, California, where Harold had some success, and Arthur thought he had because of a fish which I tied to his line, this I confess as the only deception I have ever been guilty of with you boys. The consequence was that every time your Father came to the Lake, he was expected to have a fishing expedition. On the second trip two little fish were caught and were served with honors at the hotel table.

I wish I could give you an adequate idea of what your Father has been to you. When a toy was broken, it was laid aside complacently with "My Papa can fix it." When Harold was beginning to talk his Mother would exclaim rapturously, "What does make you so sweet, Harrie"? "Papa", the baby would answer prettily.

When Harold was between two and three years old grandma, my mother, surprised me on my birthday with a picture of Harold. The picture was nearly

life size, and framed. The only injury received in its long journey from the East was the breaking of the glass. We opened the writing desk which has bookcase above and leaned the picture there until we could replace the glass. Wednesday morning I was folding the clothes from the rack, and Harold came trotting out wanting a cup of water. Harold had the brightest curls in ringlets all over his head and bordering a brow so white and high that it always recalled to me:

"An angel stroked it
As I passed by."

His eyes were blue and happy, and his complexion perfect in its pink and white as a baby's could be. And this little pink of perfection was granted all reasonable desires without a question. Accordingly, I gave him the cup of water and away he went. After a while it occurred to me that Harold was very quiet and I would do well to see what was going on. I found him kneeling on the armchair before the desk with a scrap of cloth from which the water dripped as he vigorously washed the shoes of the little boy in the crayon picture. "Why, Harold Bosworth," I exclaimed, "don't you know better than that?" The child looked at me seriously, not a mite shamefaced; there was an pause--then with a wistful glance out of the window, he said, "I wish my Papa would come home," and that was all we said or did about it, but the little boy in the picture, who wears his hat wrong side before and rides a stick

horse has feet that are very indistinct. "I wish my Papa would come home"--onlythis when Harrie was in trouble.

Arthur was so frail in his babyhood that he wanted only his Mother but as he grew stronger, he was "Papa's little partner." Mother was not quicker to respond to Arthur's croupy cough than was Father, and after we had battled with this midnight terror, and when Robert came to claim Mother, it was dear Father who cuddled close his "little pard" and slept lightly to keep him covered. Robert was always well, just such a firmly knit, jolly baby as a father can raise to the ceiling and tumble on the floor with that mutual enjoyment which beats the athletic clubs for recreation. And for heart's ease- what could be better that Robert's loving strokes over his father's face as he cooed "dear, dear Papa."

When Harold was five years old he was very ill with scarlet fever. He and I will not forget the relief it was in his long convalescence to have "a magic lantern exhibition" on the bedroom wall. It was dear Father who thought to buy the lantern for this purpose and who would stand an hour or more in the early evenings, showing pictures to please the "audience" he and I had pillowed up in bed.

All but baby Robert can remember going to church with Father and Mother. Harold will recall where we sat in the old church. Your Father had the same seat before his marriage and I know there was no place in the West to which he took his bride that was more like

home to him than this same place in the house of God. When Harold, our first born, was nine months old, he was carried to the church and publicly consecrated to the Lord by baptism, and after he was three years old he delighted to attend church regularly with us, a privilege which in no wise interfered with his usual eleven o'clock nap. Resting in his Father's arms or with his head in Mother's lap he would sleep from the last tone of the great organ before the sermon until it caught up the preacher's extortations at its close.

It was on Christmas day, the year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty Seven, that Arthur was baptized. "and if ever these children should stray from Thy ways, oh Lord, remember Thou this Christmas day", so prayed the good man ministering. These words and the actual physical pain and depression into which they startled me I can never forget. It was that strange feeling I have when I have something to weep for and cannot weep, a smothering with a pain in it as if a dart pierced. It was the new thought of the possibility of my beloved boy ever being less than the noble character I labored and prayed for. Arthur was then little less than two years old and perhaps the untiring care he required had made me morbidly sensitive. Now he is several years older and I am thankful that through the encouraging development and the assurance that he is faithful that promised this fear has been lost. "Remember Thou this Christmas day"; God will remember and keep His own.

The seal of baptism was also given our Bobby in this same church home. Please, my Robert, believe that no more solemn vows on the part of your Father and Mother were registered for any child than for you, although now your Mother only remembers how charming you were in your perfect healthfulness, how lovingly you patted your Father's shoulder as he held you and how artlessly you brushed the baptismal water from your brow.

Your Father was for eight or nine years the superintendent of the Sunday School. A while Father and I enjoyed going to Sunday School together;then he had to go alone, but the few years passed quickly, and we had such happy times when he came home, Sunday afternoons making lemonade, popping corn, reading the Sunday School papers--all of us crowded into the big chair when we had put Papa to rest and then made him uncomfortable, physically at least, by "loving" him.

But I anticipate. Before we all crowded into that big chair--dear Papa no longer went alone to Sunday School. Very proud and happy your Father was with one son for company, prouder yet with two, so proud and happy that I was glad in staying home with baby Bobby to think how happy he would be when his three boys could go with him. Another pleasant remembrance is that I never knew your Father to complain of you boys. Invariably he would praise your behavior and often with a kiss to me say that it was all due to the way in which I reared you, that I was 'the best little mother in all the world.' Blessed compensation! A

husband's praise makes possible his own ideals. I need not tell you that if you were pleasant, happy children it was due quite as much to your Father as to your Mother. Moreover, your Father was never on the lookout for the faults of others. He was easily moved to tears; a story in the Sunday School papers was often more pathetic than he could read aloud. Your Aunt Amie, two years younger than your Father, says when he and she were children he would take her out back of the old smoke house on the farm and try to teach her to say "asked" that she should not be laughed at for saying "axed" as she did; and she in return would counsel him 'not to cry so much, and then the boys would not tease him.'

That same Sunday morning of which I told, we took our books and papers out on the hillside to read. Harold brought "The Youth's Companion" saying 'he would take it for Mamma to read to him.' Now we had subscribed for this paper expressly that Harold should learn to read for himself. Accordingly when Harold brought the paper for me, I said, "no, my boy, you know you are to read that." This was the first time I had ever refused to read to Harold; I had delighted to entertain him with books from the time he was six months old. When Papa brought him the linen "Cock Robin" from Saint Louis, perhaps before that time, though "Cock Robin" was the first book he owned, I had read to him ,so Mother's refusal to read surprised and hurt.

Harold made no motion to read, and finally I said, "let Mamma hear you read, Harold". He tried but the voice quivered and the tears came.

Mother was discouraged and annoyed. The idea of a boy crying over a task that was to make a man of Him! Having bidden the child read that which I knew was not too difficult, I felt it would be unwise to excuse him and was insisting that he read despite the tears. It had been a principle understood and lived up to by your Father and me never to express before our children a difference of opinion on matters of discipline and never to interfere with one another in these things, but this once Father said after long patience, "Indeed , Mamma, Harold can not help crying any more than I could when I was little. He will outgrow it but we must wait". It was this Sunday morning or the next when your Father and I summed up our estimation of a certain young man by saying that our boys must be educated for some one trade or profession. This is your Father's wish.

Dear Father would leave us Monday morning, return to his business in the city, write us Tuesday and every day thereafter until he came again Friday or Saturday. The last week we were at the Lake we expected Father Friday, but the morning letter said he could not come until Saturday. How long our disappointed expectations made the time to seem! The evening we waited we all went for a walk, far as little Robert could go comfort-

ably. The way was pleasant and the eveving also, but we were listless. When we turned homeward the moon had risen, an immense lurid globe and across it an even silvery bar of cloud, with the darkness gathering among the hills its background. I thought I had never seen it so beautiful, and looking back to that day with its disappointment and thinking of what was to come to us, it seems as if that glory was set before us with some message in it. I can not give the message, but I think our hearts received it for I never think of that evening but the thought comes that God was kind to rouse us from our disappointment by that wonnrous beauty of the heavens.

Saturday morning came fair and beautiful as the other days had been. Arthur and I went to the children's meeting and returned in eagerness to prepare for Father's coming. Most of the preparations consisted in doing every thing which if left undone would take time out of Father's visit. Accordingly the baths and naps were taken and then all of us who could do so would go to meet Father at two o'clock. An this particular Saturday Robert's bath was late, preventing my going to the train. I remember hurrying to change my dress before my husband should come. Yet he caught me in my morning dress, but what mattered that? Besides, it was a pink gown which he had always liked. I remember dear Father's greeting, how quickly baby and I were folded in his arms; you older boys had rejoiced with him all the way from the train. And how baby surprised his Father with his first connected words,

words which I had taught him over and over again in Father's absence: "Hurrah for Papa." Your Father opened his valise almost as he set it down so eager were we up there in the mountains to see what Father brought us. This time there were lucious pears, a new book for Arthur, "The Treasure House", the Sunday School Times, The Youth's Companion, the photographs which Father had taken the week before of you boys out on the rocks withe flags about you, and to my surprise, new photographs of your Father. The likeness to your Father was the best I had seen. In response to my pleasure, Father explained that " a man came in with a new dry plate and he tried it for the store'. Photographer's supplies had been the latest addition to your Father's business. It had been several years since Father had had pictures taken, and I was pleased to have a new one to slip over the dear old one we had brought from home with us.

After a little visit, a taste of pears and a feast of love, we went to the hotel for further material refreshment. Returning from lundh Harold said, "Papa's going fishing with me." I said, "Don't you think that will take too much of Papa's time away from Mamma." "But Papa promised last week,"said Harold, and finally because of that promise it was decided that the fishing must be. "Well, if I were going to fish," said I, "I would go where I could catch something, not to the reseervoir." Then Harrie said,"Father, suppose we fish down the creek to Monument and take the train back in time for dinner." This was agreed upon. Little Arthur wished very much to go, but we knew he must not attempt it. His eyes were

brim full of tears while he tried his best not to cry. We were all very sorry for him. Father kissed us good bye, and as he and Harold turned away he said, "Papa's sorry, little man, but your legs are too short." Arthur answered brokenly, "I don't think you're very nice, Papa." And Papa called, "you'll think I'm nice when I bring you a fish."

A minute I watched my husband and boy going off happily together. If I was sorry for myself because I wanted Papa, I was thankful for my boy's good fortune, and I turned again to the little ones, saying to Arthur, "Never mind, dear, you and Rob will soon be big enough to go with Papa." Quick and keen as a sword thrust came the child's answer as his tearful eyes looked me straight in the face, Papa'll be dead then, Mamma; it'll be a whole year."

It was afte r five o'clock when we heard Father and Harold coming. I got to the door just in time to see Arthur run to his Father, calling, "I do think you're nice, Papa." And Papa caught him in his arms. "Where are the fish," I called. "There, Mamma," as Papa pointed back at Harold from whose elaborate fishing pole dangled one little unfortunate, perhaps four inches long. As I was going back to the "dressing room" Papa said," If you are not quite ready for dinner, Mamma, I'll cook the fish for the boys; it wouldn't pay to take it to the hotel." Your Father used his pocket knife on the fish, lit the tiny alcohol lamp and into the little pan went the little fish. Soon I heard Father say,'Here,little man, and I guess we will give Harold a tiny bite if he did go with

Papa, shall we?" "And here Rob." (this was Bobby's first bite of fish or meat of any kind though he was twenty- two months old) The three bites finished the fish; but since then thatbroiled fish has seemed to me to have served in a Holy Communion, its meaning touching that on Galilie when the Christ said,"Children, have ye any meat?" "Come and eat." Was there a meaning that Mother was left out of that 'love feast'? In my anxiety to catch all the lessons in thes e providences, my overwrought fancy would worry me in this, but for the fact that Father was left out too so it could not mean that I was shut out ofcommunion with him, and I let the worry go.

We went to dinner--did we take a walk later? I think not; Father and Harold would be too tired. You boys must have slept early. Afterwards, I remember, dear Father and I went over to the hammock for one of our quiet happy times, out in the pine grove in the clear, still, summer night in the shadow of the mountains--in the starlight, in the moonlight, in love light, in the light of God. It was glorious.

Through the night Robert was feverish and restless. Again and again he called for a drink; until finally it was necessauy to boil more water for him. For this I passed and repassed your Father sleeping, and once when I turned from the table, I stood a minute watching him. It was solemn, almost weird in the moonlit tent with you all asleep. As I watched, noting my husband's features, I thought again as I often did when looking at him "His

name shall be in their foreheads" and "That I may lift a face unflushed with shame whereon my Lord shall write His holy name;" and I stooped and gently kissed his broad, high brow. I know not if he felt those kisses, but since, they have stood to me for the others that I could not have..

Sunday morning Robert was better. At family worship Father read the Sunday School lesson, "The Prodigal Son". All day Robert missed going to meals with his Papa, but we brought him the best he could eat. I remember we ordered Robert's breakfast first, and because the milk toast and raspberries were more than Harold could carry to the grove, dear Father himself carried them to his baby boy while we awaited the leisurely services of our dusky waiter. Having all been more or less disturbed through the night we were too tired to attend church service in the Glen; so after breakfast Father first made peppermint tea for Robert, with a taste for all of you. Father made it because it was supposed to be very much better when he made it. Then the reclining chai r was drawn around the side to the shade. Papa picked up Robert and with an impulsive hug bade the little man say,"Hurrah for Papa"; and shyly Robbie responded "Hurrah for Papa." You boys went on with Father; I tarried a moment in the tent, then taking my Bible, followed you. Father was in the big chair, his hat drawn to shade his eyes. Robert sat quietly in his lap, holding his place against master Arthur who, never still a minute, was climbing all over his Father; Harold sat on a rustic seat near, looking over a

paper. It was a group to delight a fond wife and mother.

Harold's paper must have told something of bicycles, for as I joined the group he was asking his Father when he could have his "safety". Father himself enjoyed bicycle riding and believed it had improved his health. He had told Harold if our bank account was good when he was ten years old he should have a wheel, and Harold was just ten when we went to Palmer Lake. Now Mother had never been very eager for Harold to have a bicycle; I wished him to be a good walker. It is strong and manly to enjoy walking. Then too, I had read in the Scientific American articles condemning the use of bicycles by growing boys; and again--at this particular time we were overdrawn in our personal accounts in the business, so that thirty five dollars just then seemed a large sum for us to spend unnecessarily. I questioned the advisability of getting the bicycle yet, and Harold could not keep back his tears. I had no idea of the child's taking it so seriously, but dear Father quickly restored his hopes by saying, "Never mind, Harrie, just wait till we get down to Denver and we'll see about it, won't we?" and we were all happy again.

Since finishing the studies of the Bible Correspondence School in the spring I had had no regular plan in my Bible reading. This morning I thought I would commence the book of Job because of its poetry; it was something grand and poetic that I wanted up there

in the mountains where nature was so beautiful and our hearts were in tune. I did not read aloud; I thought Father was too tired to care for it and besides you little ones made too much noise. I did not accomplish much myself, being perhaps more interested in your doings than in Job's. But I read "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil." That was what we wanted to do. I read of Job's prosperity, we were prosperous; Job counted his children his greatest blessing, and our children? Only one other blessing we counted equal. Hear it in your Father's daily prayer -or praise:"We thank Thee for each other and each other's love."

From the time we were married, kneeling at our family altar with my hand in my husband's, had I heard this praise. We had prayed together before we were married, but I do not remember this expression then. However sure we were before marriage of our mutual love and fitness each for the other, after marriage we were more certain and satisfied. In our home love burned always, consuming life's annoyances. First, in our little home, this same dear place where now I write, we knelt alone; then came our first born, our Harold, a son most welcome. When he could wait with us at the family altar, he discovered my hand in Father's and so his little dimpled hand slipped into the same handclasp, and Father's kiss came to us both. I can not express

what that kiss after prayer always meant to me. It was one of our ways which had grown into a custom. I doubt if either of us could have explained it. To me it was a new pledge of love each day, a daily consecration each to the other. If there was anything that had annoyed, the kiss after prayers said, "It is all gone now." Another kiss had the same message, when we knelt together in silent prayer before we slept.

After years of waiting came our second son. I have a letter, Arthur, which I shall keep for you until your heart is ripe for its message. I had gone to California in delicate health, and in this one of Father's daily letters he wrote, "I believe God will yet grant us another child." You, dear Arthur, are that child. Perhaps in some hour of discouragement or temptation the thought of our desire and hope for you with the knowledge that to us you were peculiarly the gift of God will nerve you on to victory. I dream of you, my boys--our boys--as men with uplifted brow and kingly bearing, trampling beneath "beautiful feet" the temptations of your nature, pressing toward "the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" with willing helpful hands for others. And should it be that unto you is given a smoother path to Heaven than many another's way,

"Then bless the hand that crowned you
Remembering as you go
'Twas not your own endeavor

That made your nature so
But by the blessing of God."

Yes, a second son was ours, growing dearer to us every day of his delicate babyhood. Even his virtues cultivated in us the grace of patience. The child's willingness to help himself beyond what he was able to de amounted to positive determination and was often as great a trial as it now is a help. When this babe joined us at the fami y altar and noticed my hand in Father's, he would put my hand awy and place his own in its place, so separating Father and I yet really binding us closer together. Then came Robert, strong, vigorous and winsome. He too would interfere with any such demonstration of affection; and so you boys came between Father and I many times, but I never glanced at dear Father as he led us in prayer that his hand did not seem to be waiting for mine. The desires of our hearts went forth together and Mother was the one who never missed the kiss, love's pledge for the busy day.

You will think I have forgotten my story of that Sunday morning in the grove. I only read through the third chapter of Job. Then Robert went for his nap, and Father and I sat together chatting. Father had brought me a letter from my mother enclosing these lines because she liked them and thought they would please me:

In the Rough

The marble was pure and white

Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hard rough stone
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care
And chiseled a form of grace,
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble
That work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear to God's chisel keen
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen,
For men are only blocks at best
Till the chiselling brings out
All the rest.

During the morning Harold had occasion to go to the hotel, And Father asked him to inquire if there would be Sunday School at the Lake. The child forgot to ask about the Sunday School. Father only said, and that pleasantly, "Well, I'll go over and see after a little." And I? I said, "Don't go to Sunday School today dear; just stay with me." Why? tell me later. It is the only time I remember to have asked your Father to stay home from Sunday School. When we were first

married I went to Sunday School too, and then when I was not able to go sometimes I used to wish Father would stay home, but your Father had always gone to Sunday School and loved the work there. He as much expected to go to Sunday School and church as to his business during the week.. Somewhere I had read in "Suggestions to Young Wives", "Do not require anything of your husband which will make his marriage seem a hindrance to him." I took this to myself as a principle and tried to live up to it. So, afternoons Father went out again to Sunday School when it would have been a pleasure to us both to have spent the time together. Afterwards--when you boys were old enough to go to Sunday School, I had my reward , you had never to go alone.

Perhaps also, those quiet hours I spent left their impress on your lives. Sometimes I thought and felt so deeply that I wrote , then laid the writing away for the child that his mother's prayers and hope for him before his birth might someday be to him a dear and sacred inspiration. It was one of these Sunday afternoons, a stormy day, when Harold was five years old that he and Mamma 'had Sunday School at home.' The lesson was of the young king Josiah; how he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. Then it was that Harold made his first prayer in his own words, "Dear God keep me forever and ever. I want to be a Christian." I look back to that time as the date of Harold's decision to be a follower of Christ. This last was a few months before Arthur's birth. Who can

sum up the influence of that afternoon? But this Sunday at the Lake Father did not go to Sunday School. After lunch we drew the reclining chair into the shade and prevailed upon Father to lay first claim to it because he could stay such a little while. How many of us were with him five minutes later I do not say. We read the new book dear Father had brought to Arthur and were having a delightfully quiet time when an acquaintance called to return a book and bid us good bye as she was to leave the Glen in the morning.

The lady was enjoying a vacation from her missionary labors in Mexico and a few questions drew forth an entertaining account of the people there and of her work. I inquired if she spake Spanish. "Yes." "Could she sing in Spanish; the language itself is music." And she sang "I want to be an Angel", Wonderful Words of Life", and Sweet Hour of Prayer". The lady said she had a favor to ask of Father, "Would he be so kind as to take the draft the Board of Missions had sent her and use his own judgment as to its safe deposit in Denver as she was unacquainted with the banks?" To this Father agreed. He sat by me on the step; when he opened his pocket book, I saw in it some newspaper clippings and reached for them thinking they might be such as he sometimes sent me in letters, but they were scientific so I returned them. Our visitor left us, but her thoughts were with us for we chatted on of Mexico's quaint customs.

We sang a Sunday School song and baby Rob amused us with his attempts to make music with comb and paper. Then Arthur wanted to make music too; Father picked up a little piece of pine and whittled it to a shape suggesting that of a violin. You boys found three or four little nails which Father put in for pins, then took from his pocket rubber bands for strings. A twig from a pine branch made the bow and Arthur was the happy possessor of a fiddle.

Did I wonder this day if my life was always to run so smoothly? I often thought of it, remembering other lives near and dear unto mine which were endless worry and struggle.

We were going to make a call in the evening, Father and I. We had enjoyed a pleasant acquaintance with Professor and Mrs. Crowe of Iowa College, who were tenting in the Glen. The Professor was in delicate health but would attempt a mountain trip around the Loop next day, and it was upon them that we would call. Accordingly while Della was gone to dinner, Father and I retired to the "back rooms" of the tent, and sitting on opposite beds, he undressed one boy and I, the other. We heard your evening prayers and tucked you into bed, Arthur with his fiddle. You did not like to have us go, but Della would sing to you. Nor had we long to wait for her. We kissed you good night. My Robert cried, but we knew Della could quiet him. Harold was out playing with Pedro but came for his

good night kiss. We followed the path through the grove then down the road past the hotle, where many of our acquaintances were on the piazza. I was always pleased to have others see your Father with me and with his family. I knew I might well be envied the evident love and tenderness of so good a man, and I felt that however highly my husband might be generally respected, those who knew his home life would esteem him most highly.. It was a gratification that our home was nearly as could be, the air castles of my girlhood materialized. I was conscious of this pride or thankfulness as we passed the hotel going on to the bluff, then down a steep path to the Glen. That was a delightful way, to slip and slide and feel the why I was not hurt. Off from the road we went, taking a path through the brush and across streams, then across the highway to the well defined path cut in the hill side leading to the auditorium. We were invited to linger by the way by a rustic seat. We spoke of your Aunt Bertha's wedding appointed for August sixth-- and this was August third. I said I thought I would telegraph congratulations. Father said with a laugh, "Better wait till you know Bert's married. She is liable to change her mind." WE saw people on the road going to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at the auditorium. Ought I to lure Father off- to make this call Sunday evening when there was this meeting, and we had not attended morning service?

I made some remark to discover if Father would prefer to attend the meeting, and when we were opposite the Hall, (we were walking now arm in arm, my hand in dear Father's under my shawl) I said, "Dear, if you would rather go to the Y. M. C. A. meeting we will. It scarcely seems right to run off this way. " "No," said Father, "I don't want to go to church tonight, I would rather go to Professor Crowe's." This settled the matter and satisfied me. When we were come to our friends tent we found the door tied and no one there. We slipped a card under the door and were going away when we saw them coming, Professor, Mrs. Crowe, and the dear little daughter fast asleep in her Mother's arms. When baby was safely deposited far back on the bed we sat outside the tent. Professor sat on the door step, Mrs. Crowe and I had camp stools, and your Father had accepted a chair which baffled the Greek Professor to adjust but which your Father with his aptness for mechanics in a minute set right.

I wish I could recall all the conversation that evening. Professor was very hoarse, but he led the discussion of some late sermons and lectures. Rev. George P. Hays was a mutual friend and much pleasant mention was made of him. The prospective trip around the Loop was spoken of, your Father delicately suggesting some apprehension for Professor in the higher altitude, but his physician had not forbidden it. When we were going, Mrs. Crowe said to Father, "You

go away in the morning too, but we shall see you next Sunday?" "Yes." Good night." "Good night." "Good bye."

Again we walked alone under the starry blue, across to the path along the hill. Father's first words out of hearing of our friends were, "I do not think that man should take that trip." "I am almost sorry you did not speak more decidedly against it," said I. Father had been in the West so long and had had so much to do with medicine and health seekers that he might have spoken with authority. "Perhaps I should have said more," said Father, "but he has his physician and he should know." "I will go over tomorrow," said I, and then remarked how sad it was that a couple so congenial as they, fitted by nature and attainments for the best and to do the best should be separated as it seemed they soon must be, and then--I could go to the very spot--in that pleasant way among the pines through which the night's soft light fell on us, when with hand clasped in your Father's and a glance into his eyes I said, "I am so thankful, dear, your health is so much better than it used to be." and Father replied, "Yes, I was never so well as I have been the last two years." I am not able to recall another scrap of the conversation by the way. Next time Father came we would go home with him; perhaps we planned for that.

In our tent the candle burned and a glance told us all were soundly sleeping. Father went out and sat a few minutes in the chair by the tent door. I wonder

what his thoughts were that time;

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home today
Than ever I've been before

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
I'm nearer the great white throne
And nearer the Jasper sea.

Perhaps my weary feet
Now tread upon its brink;
And I may be nearer my home
Than even I now may think."

When we were ready to retire, just as we knelt by the bedside, Father stepped across to the table to put out the light. It was but a step and only an instant till he said as if he had lost me and were feeling for me, and yet, he knew I knelt there by the bed and the white tent was not dark. We seemed bewildered. I can not express the frightened feeling that came over me as I waited kneeling there and said, "Here, dear." My heart throbbed so that I could feel it even hear it. Fear seemed to have taken possession of me. Then my husband knelt beside me, his arm was round me, and into the ear of God we whispered our individual prayers and rising sealed them with a kiss and I forgot my fear. From our bed there is this message for you boys. I spoke of you and Father answered, "Yes, and three good boys

too.

Father planned to take the early morning train for Denver. We all slept well that night so that Father and I awakened easily and were ready to slip away to the train about five o'clock. I had attempted to go with Father the week before but then every baby wakened and objected and I gave place to Harold, and Father had to leave him on the way and run to catch the train. But this morning we were in good time. I remember making some light remark about being so quickly ready. It was a pretty dress and hat I wore--and I am glad that it was. We hurried so that I only paused a moment for a prayerful thought for a morning prayer.---We had dressed in whispers, but Harold wakened. Dear Father kissed him goodbye, then cautiously kissed the sleeping baby boy; Arthur, "Papa's little pard", missed the goodbye kiss because he was curtained off with Della, but he had gone to sleep with Papa's kiss and the fiddle. We slipped out into the dawn. Involuntarily I claimed my good morning kiss. The air was fragrant from the pines and flowers. Everything in nature was gloriously fresh and fair.

No one was stirring at the hotel and down the road on which there is only here and there a house we met on no one. We said this was Father's last trip home alone, that he would return Friday if he could but probably not until Saturday as he would be unusually busy this

week. I saw smoke in the distance. "There comes that cruel train to take my husband from me," I said, but I would never havethought of my words again, nor of noting every handclasp and caress, only for what followed.

We were soon at the depot. The lake was all in a sparkle from the rising sun; very different from what it was the evening we were rowing when the dark water made me a bit afraid, and I said, "How little there is between us and death," and Father said, "It is just so everywhere, Dear." 'The River of Life must be always bright, since 'there is no night there.'

It was not Father's train I had seen. We stopped an instant at the depot grounds to admire the dainty blue flowers growing up in the woods, then went on to the lunch room where Father had coffee; he expected to breakfast in Denver, seven-thirty. As we left the lunch room we heard some one say, "What's your hurry? The Denver train is an hour late."

After a walk up and down the platform, Father asked me, "Will you wait or go back to the tent?" I said I would wait. I had begun to feel weak after our hurry and the early walk. We thought we would sit in the hack, but just then it drove off. We walked back to the scales, but they were not fit to sit on. Then we tried the waiting room and learned that the train was only forty minutes late. But the air here had none of the fresh-

ness of the morning and we remained but a few minutes. Then it occurred to Father that he could as well walk back toward the hotel with me.

Other trains were coming in now, and there was the usual commotion about the depot. We passed out upon the road again and my hand naturally slipped back into Father's. I remember we walked a little way and then, noticing more smoke in the distance, paused to decide whether it was from the belated train. Your Father said no, it was on the wrong side of the lake. We walked on and then heard the puffing of an engine and again stopped to listen, but Father judged it to be pulling a freight train. We turned to resume our walk, and I said, "Perhaps if we hurry you can go all all the way and see the boys; they are awake now." But Father thought the time of detention too uncertain. I then asked Father If it would not tire him to walk so far before breakfast. He answered no. "And this does not tire you," said I, referring to my leaning on his arm. Very well I knew what his answer would be, but I wanted the confession. Trifles these things are, but I am thankful for them now.

We were getting a long way from the depot, and finally I said, "Perhaps, you would better go now, Dear, or you may have to hurry as you did last week." And so we began to say goodbye out there alone with the

beautiful dawn brightening into a day that promised to be cloudless as was our wedding day. I remember I thought that day gave promise of bright years without a cloud until the day was done. Yes, we were bidding each other goodbye out there alone as we would have done at home, very differently from what would have been in a crowd at the depot. When Father was away I always wrote him daily and seldom did I miss the daily answer. This week Father expected to be so unusually busy that I said, "You need not write every day but I will write every day and let you know how the boys are." Then two farewell kisses and "goodbye", with a glance into the true blue eyes that saw no farther than mine--that told no more than the true love we had grown accustomed to through all the years. Then from each other we were going, but once more I turned and called, "Goodbye, Husband" and went on to my boys.

I saw Harold playing with his pet, Pedro; Robert too was outside the tent, all dressed and happy, and was the first to spy me, calling, "Mamma, Mamma" as he came toddling to meet me. I took the darling in my arms and went to the tent, where Della was dressing Arthur. Again we were lonesome without Papa, and Arthur was in tears because his fiddle had been broken in the night. There were questions about Papa's train and then Harold went for water from the spring and gathered wild roses for me to wear to breakfast. Yet a few moments we waited for morning worship. The day after our return home I remembered that morning worship as the Disciples remembered when all had come to pass.

I remembered lingering on the verse, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." It was so beautiful to me that I glanced at you children to see if you noticed it. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." And then we knelt and in our prayer asked God to bless Papa and keep him from accident on the way home.

"It's too bad, Lobbie, but you am a very little boy," said four year old Arthur as we went to breakfast, leaving Robert away from the temptations of the hotel table. By the time we had breakfasted the morning was warm. I exchanged my street suit for a bright morning gown of light weight, put Robert in his buggy, invited Arthur's company, and started to give the baby boy a wholesome airing. I thought we would go far on the Monument road toward Elephant Rock. Harold went with a playmate to trap rabbits.

Your Father had told of a proposed public improvement in Denver, which if accomplished would increase the value of some real estate he owned. One thing with which I very rarely concerned myself was business; I had been prejudiced against 'business women'. The woman's side of life was enough for me, and your Father was quite equal to the other side. However, there was a lady at the hotel owning property near ours, and this morning I met her and walked back to the hotel with her, questioning concerning the proposed improvement. On the piazza were a number of ladies, and as I joined them One said to me, "Did I not see you coming from the five o'clock train this morning?" "Yes." "The idea of anyone married as long as you've been, getting up at four o'clock to go to the train with her husband," teasingly added

another, and another, jesting, said, "I never saw the man I would get up at that time of night for." "Yes, but you don't know my husband," said I, and the light talk drifted on a little as: "How rarely a man thought of the right gift to please his wife." But neither did we all agree to this.

Sitting there on the steps I began to realize that I had already been going half a day and was very tired. We saw Harold, and Arthur went with him. I took Robert from his buggy and let him run on the porch until his nap time, half past ten. Then we went to the tent, and I laid down with baby. This was the only time I had lain down to sleep in the daytime during the vacation. It was noon when we wakened. I felt strong and well again. Harold and Arthur came, and rising, I speedily prepared for lunch.

We imagined Papa at lunch all alone and said it would not be long until he would have his home again. However pleasant our outings, it was always good to be at home again. We finished lunch, called for Robert's dinner, gathered Pedro's dainties, and came away. It must have been very nearly one o'clock. I took Robert on my lap to feed him; at the same time we were watching Harold's preparations to make a rabbit trap and protect himself from the threatening shower, for during the noon hour the sky had darkened, the wind was rising and the air was cool. Robert and Mamma talked of Papa. "Papa gone on the cars." but "He would come again, and we would all go home next time. Dear, Dear Papa. Rob can say, 'Hurrah for Papa'? "Hurrah Papa" lisped the baby. Thus one o'clock must have passed.

Now the little ones must stay indoors; the storm comes on pouring down from all sides, the first rain in many weeks. Across the ravine along and up the mountiain, the asters quiver and bend, and among the pines all about this place which has been so kind in its ministry to us, the wind moans tenderly, sadly.

I had brought from home linens stamped for embroidery but the Chautauqua lectures and outdoor life had been so delightful that the needlework was not touched until this afternoon. Now, however, I was outlining more than the pattern stamped: "Would it pay to buy new carpets when we thaught to build a new house so soon?" (A new house to hold the old house to which blessings had been added until the roof was too small.) I almost wished we had found the bargain in a house which Harold's playmate said his father had recently purchased, but I put the thought away as unworthy. What would I have new to wear this fall--baby was so old we could leave him comfortably now. So this could be my winter out and we would be quite gay for us. I was pleased to remember the two pretty bright dresses I had left at home which would be all ready to take the place of those scuffed by vacation wear, and one, the one Father liked best, a perfect bouquet of bright delicate flowers caught here and there with dainty ribbons, would be a pretty evening gown for occasions at home even in the winter.

But my day dreams were never of long duration. You little ones, storm bound, must be amused to keep the peace. I said, "Can Arthur speak his peice for Mamma," and the

little man responded;

"A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning" that's the golden key
Which unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes "good night" I say
and close the door of each glad day.
When at table "if you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
When friends give anything to me
I use a little "thank you"key.
Excuse me, beg your pardon too
When by mistake some harm I do,
Or if unkindly hurt I've given
With "forgive me" I shall be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind
This is its motto: be ye kind.
I'll often use each golden key
And a little child polite I'll be."

Then Robert toddled up to the trunk and stood like Arthur. "Rob, speak for Mamma," I said. No answer only the eager little face with all the "piece in his eyes, which his baby lips could not utter. Then I said, "Rob can say, "Hurrah for Papa' that's Robbies piece." "Rah for Papa," said baby triumphantly and made his bow and for very happiness ran swiftly to Mamma to be caught and kissed again and again.

It was two o'clock. The afternoon was now too cool

for my light dress. Should I dress to make that call in the Glen to warn our friends against that trip over the mountains? The clouds seemed lighter; the shower would soon be over so I laid the pink gown aside for a black one. And then Arthur begged to go too, and I stopped to dress him, and then my baby wanted Mamma. Though I felt I should be going, I would give him 'just a little ride! Of what use was the nurse? Well, I knew she would be kind to you when I must be away from you. I wheeled Robert a few rods up the road. We were alone in the grove. I noticed a pole across between two trees; sometime there had been a camp there. I would see if the campers had had so pleasing a view as we had, leaving the road till we stood in the clearing under the ridge pole. No, Father had had our tent set for the loveliest view. I turned, my dress caught in some wire. I stooped to loosen it and looking up saw two people coming up the road, strangers I thought they were,going up to the reservoir.

A second glance tells me they are leaving the road and coming toward me, and then I recognize the lady to be an acquaintance I had met but a few times. She has been weeping; she can not restrain her tears as she comes to me. The gentleman, who accompanies her comes as if dragged unwillingly. I do not think I know him. The lady speaks to me, perhaps supports me, I forget; but her words I will always remember: "A friend has come from Denver with bad news for you; you must pray, darling, pray." Then I see that her companion is one whom but for his unnatural ex-

pression I would have recognized instantly as a familiar friend. "It is all over" and "at noon," he says. What? My first thought was of his delicate wife, my dear friend. Strange thought, for had I not been bewildered I had known that my husband would bring me such a message if it must be. How could I think it meant dear Father when he, in the fullness of health, had only just left me? Not until the word,"he" arrested my attention did I think of my husband.

So far it has been easy to tell you this simple story, but now I have come to that which I can not portray. And why should I? I only wish to help you, my darling boys, to remember your Father, our beloved, who loved us, lived for us, and sympathized with us to a degree I can not express. I would have my baby know his Father. I would have you know more than the incomplete home which must be ours henceforth, but I do not write to perpetuate the agony of our bereavement. There had been a terrible explosion where dear Father was busy with chemicals and instantly he entered into the life eternal. "Sudden death to him was sudden glory" thus a friend wrote me. But for us? Have I said the storm was over? Did I say the moaning in that grove was still? I hear my harold's sobs; I hear my Arthur crying,"Mamma, Mamma, what is it?" I hold my unconscious babe and think he will never know his Father.

Out of life's unclouded blue had come affliction bolt to us. The billows had gone over us,one of our number was swept to the farther shore, our happiness was uprooted and cast out--gone. "All over" and "at noon." Between

us and our beloved a chasm yawned which nothing henceforth can ever fill nor close-- only God will one day bridge it and bid us come. God grant His bidding may be "Come ye blessed." But the storm in the world that is everybody's world was over. I had grown cold that summer day; did I feel the coldness that had come to him who was one with me, one with me "so long as ye both shall live". How long is this? "There is no death. What seems so is transition." Oh, poet friend, (for friend thou art to reach to me this hope) had death come to thine own beloved when you sang: "There is no death."? "Oh death in life, the days that are no more."

Did we realize our bereavement? No, if you mean did we feel all at once the first keen agony with all the bitter sorrow and loneliness of these months past. No. "When thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee." The bruised reed will He not break." "As thy day so shall thy strength be." These promises of God were between us and the full weight of our calamity.

Kind hands quickly made us ready for the journey home. "Can I call that home where I anchor yet, though my good man has sailed?" There was little to do; I was already in black as was seemly, Arthur was ready, and Harold and Robert needed little change. Dear Father had paid the bill at the hotel that morning. There were only a few things to place in the trunks, a few bundles to be wrapped and the easy chair to fold. As I have thought of it since, it has seemed strange we were so ready to go. Again I was at the depot where your Father and I had been that

morning. Where now was the brightness, the shimmering ripples, and the flowers? I saw them not if they were there and he was not. "For man is as the grass of the field; in the morning it growth and in the evening is cut down. As the flower of the field so he perisheth." Yes, more quickly for I know those flowers were there nodding and smiling and dear Father was gone. The train must have come as did 'that cruel train which took my husband from me'. Perhaps we were led over his very footprints. How strange it is to touch the things our dear departed ones have touched and feel that these perishable things are yet and they are not. The things their hands have handled! How we press them if by any means may come to us something of the touch departed.

Oh, the blissful unconsciousness of that morning walk and that parting! Surely when the eyes of the Lord that morning ran through all the earth He must have pitied us--or was there only me and you dear little ones to pity? Had there come a time when we had not all things in common, my husband and I, that which was distress to me, joy to him? We journey on. Could I say "Thy will be done?" There was no need for me to worry about that; it was done--"all over" and "at noon". What was done, the will of God? No, dear Father's death. About the will of God in this I do not know. If faith and hope survive and courage lives again and power to do the daily task, that is His will. The "why?" Oh, the weariness, the discouragement, the distress I have known in trying to answer this "why?". My boys were fatherless. Perhaps had I been purer, more spiritual,

attaining always to the soul's aspirations, never doing the thing doubtfully right, we might have kept dear Father. Here indeed was agony, a new meaning to the words, "The sting of death is sin". God seemed to me far off in agger at my weakness, no, near dealing with me with relentless hand while you my poor children were through it all bereft of your Father. And yet, the first verse taught your baby lips was, "God is love", and daily we had prayed for wisdom to teach you only truth.

I had not thought that Father might not be in his home. Thought was stunned. But finally as we neared the city it came to me: 'an explosion in the chemical department of the store'. Where then was the lifeless form? Our friend must tell me "at the undertakers". Think of it! Dear Father alone at the undertakers as any outcast might be. When I remembered that when I had read a notice of the dead at the undertakers, I had been sorry with a 'holier than thou' kind of sorrow--as if the dead there were somehow accountable for being friendless. Had I been proud? Was this pride's punishment, dear Father there?

The train is in the city at the depot. We are among friends yet alone, the first time we ever came home that Father did not meet us. To this dear home where I had come a bride I came a widow with three orphaned sons. (Strange inconsistency in one who calls herself a Christian: "orphaned"--with two fathers in Heaven, the one omnicient, omnipotent God, the other the loving earthly Father bidden of his God "Ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.") Every step of the way I remember. We came into

this room,the 'holy of holies' in our home, where your Father and Mother had welcomed you each in turn as the Creator gave you to us. God had been good to us in times past, but now He seemed a 'consuming fire'. How wise is God! I turned from Him; then over and over again this verse repeated itself to me: "When He saw her He had compassion upon her" till I felt the pity of the loving Christ.

It availed not that we begged for the dear body; it could not be that we should have it then. It must be where it was for care. Even had we been home it must have gone to that strange place because of the law in case of accident. It must be so; submit, bear, wait. There was comfort in believing the evidence that dear Father had not suffered for an instant. It seems to me I could not have borne it had he lingered a moment and went from us. But I suppose I could; we endure what we must. It has seemed to me that suddenly, in a moment, Father found himself in the better world and in that instant's surprise his Savior said to him, "All will be well with your dear ones on earth", and then, and not till then could heaven begin for Father. Father did not leave us; he was taken. All heaven revealed to him (I say it reverently) could not have lured him from us for himself. Often when I have heard your Father petition at family worship, "Make us willing to go whereso-ever thou wouldst have us go. Make us willing to do what-soever thou wilt" I have feared before that prayer. I know Father would have yielded to God's will, doubtless with wonderful 'dying grace'. Nevertheless, it is a comfort, perhaps not the holiest, to feel that Father did not wish

to leave us--even for Heaven.

All that first night and the next day must go by by before your Father's silent form could be brought to rest for a few hours in the home he loved. Nor could we go to him. Our family physician and friend counseled us not to look again upon dear Father's face but remember his image as we had parted with him at the Lake. The elements had done their work; it is a wonder that the bruised body was rescued for burial.. It was a long time Before one comforting thought came to me in connection with this; but finally in the night it came to me thus: You boys had never seen Death and your Father and I had desired that when you did behold it there should be nothing about it to terrify you. Could this have been had I insisted that we must see Father? And I thought if you and I had kissed the dear cold face and beheld the strange stillness of the sleep we could not break and then have seen that form shut away and lowered into the grave my little Arthur might not have thought his Father living and 'dreamed dear Papa came to him' nor whispered to me, "Maybe, Mamma, Papa is up there in the stars," and baby might have thought of Papa in the dark grave and not in Heaven. Could a last farewell have been more loving and tender that was ours out in the dawn, alone, that Monday morning? Only the inexpressible anguish of a last parting was withheld. I can thank God for sparing us that agony and permitting us, as always had been, a goodbye from which springs no remorse.

Slowly the first night of our sorrow wore into another day. You little ones slept but it was long before Mother could soothe her oldest boy into forgetfulness. As it grew light it seemed strange that the world should look as it always did. The common sounds of day surprised me. Could the old world roll on into sunshine just as usual? I began to feel that we had had a little world of our own rolling along in harmony with the bright side of life and that our world could change into midnight darkness and the world go on cheerily. Now thinking of the many sorrows of others which we have learned through our own bereavement, I think possibly it was the brightness of our own little world that was unusual and that now we have only come into the common shadow.

The awful weight of blame was still upon me, and I longed for some human friend to help me, some one I loved. My most intimate friends with one exception were out of the city for the summer vacation. This one friend remaning I spared because of the frail babe she nourished. My Mother was thousands of miles away and did not yet know of our sorrow else how tenderly would she have taken me to her heart as in my baby days. It was my sister's wedding day. How different the telegram withheld from that I had purposed sending her! My sister's wedding day, and I must choose a place where I might lay my dead. The "new home" would be in the cemetery. There was measured off space for dear Father's grave and mine, and but for you, my children, I had longed to rest there then.

It was evening. I sat alone in my room, when I heard

the steady tread of approaching footsteps. I knew they were bringing my husband's body. The hall door opened, then the door into this room swung back screening me from view. I could wait now as never before had I waited at dear Father's coming. I knew they bore him very near me. I saw the black sealed casket turn from me into the parlor. Strangers were arranging it where so often we had gathered with Father about the piano "to try the songs for Sunday School". Could anything have made me realize more keenly that it was only the helpless inanimate body than did this coming in? No voice saying "where is Mamma?" Hands helpless, ah, worse than helpless, that had been always glad of the little hands that welcomed him-borne into his home, silent, passionless, unconscious. Ah, Death, even thou must be compassionate since thou didst hide thy face when thou must enter here. I heard the strangers go away. Where you little ones were I do not know, but I know only my Harold bowed with me first over the casket concealing the bruised form we longed to clasp and kiss again. How we could submit and leave that dear one shut away from us I scarcely understand but life had already taught me to yield impulse to judgment, and even here and now reason had its way. Besides I knew dear Father would rather have it so since it was as it was.

Together my boy and I read the name upon the silver plate. God grant us each a name so fair above our coffined forms! It seemed to me I could not leave that casket; there was I nearest my beloved. But you little ones would call

and I would go to you because I had left Father for you when he lived; if it was duty then, was it less duty now? I would do the trifling service for you and return to watch beside my dead. Would it have been easier had an angel spoken to me: "He is not here, he is risen? I fear not, the old time happiness had been sufficient for us. I was in an agony of soul I can not tell. I turned to God's word for comfort, but I saw only the verses which told of anger, wrath, judgment and punishment. "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." "Thy sins have arisen as a mountain between thee and God." And many more such until I was not only in the keenest distress but mystified and frightened, with the awful thought still torturing me that perhaps if I had been different this irretrievable loss might not have come to you, my dear helpless boys. For myself I might deserve it and so have no right to complain; or perhaps God saw there was no other way to make me better. And yet, I was not conscious of having done anything especially wrong, and I had wanted to be very pure and good. Only this last Sunday morning I had spoken of it to Father and good as he was he laughed at me 'for getting on the stool of repentance so easily', but "Blessed are the pure in heart" had been "my verse" for many years, and I do love it. I love purity and truth.

Perplexed at finding only God's judgments answering my cry for comfort, I folded over page after page of my Bible intending to show our Pastor that it spoke to me only those stern verses. I could not pray my distress away. My heart called to my husband rather than to God. Yet I

could not give up my belief that the Bible would comfort in the time of trouble. Especially in the preceeding three or four years had I learned by earnest study in "The Bible Correspondence School" the power and beauty of the "Book of Books" A few friends I saw but so heart hungry was I that if one turned away but for an instant I would steal a glance into that Bible. I thought when night came on and those at the house slept I would search it further, but then I found I could not see; the light was high up and turned low, turned as dear Father used to turn it that we might know our babies' needs in the night time.

Strange scene it was in our little home, the dim light falling over familiar things in their accustomed places, but one object so strange, so very strange, that sealed black coffin sitting there, the visible sign that that which we were told was true. Too well I knew nothing but death could keep dear Father from us so. When before had my husband left me to bear either joy of pleasure or sorrow of grief alone? Never, never once in all the years we had been one. The same reclining chair we had had at the lake was drawn close to dear Father's casket. As I think of it now I pity my hungry strivings for the oli-time nearness to the loved form shut away from me forever. Poor comfort it was to touch only that somber casket. I could not rest, but pacing the floor or bowed by my dead only one verse came to me with any comfort. It said, over and over through the long hours of the night, "He trod the winepress alone" only this. If the morning would only come

so I could look in my Bible again! Should the messages be as yesterday I must note them; I would not mark the book lest sometime my boys find the verses and think their Mother had been very wicked. One of Father's business cards had been left lying on the table. When It was light enough, leaning on the window casing at the head of the casket, Bible in hand, I was ready to note on the card the verses which must be explained. But first this came to mind and mechanically I wrote it: "The way is dark, my Father" and just then like a flash came the thought I will not look any more in the Old Testament. "I will see what the word is in the New." Turning the leaves with no special place in view the first words I saw were, "For the Father himself loveth you." (John 16;27) And it had been for God's love and pity that I yearned! It was as if God, the dear God of our faith and hope in the happy days gone, took me again in His arms and held me close caressingly. Immediately I saw, "Let not your heart be troubled." "I will not leave you comfortless." So fast did the relief come that before daylight I had turned back and unfolded every leaf I had marked to ask its meaning. Assured of God's love and pity I could let those stern verses go without interpretation. Only I would always be afraid to look in the Old Testament; and we had arpreciated its lessons and loved its grand old promises. It was like giving up an old friend to feel as I did toward it. If it would only give me in this hour one kindly message, I could keep it! I looked again and found the message. So again came the answer to my cry. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken

me?" The course of Bible study I had pursued I began thinking the knowledge gained would be a help to my husband in his Sunday school work and to my children. I have since thought the Spirit led me to that study of the Word to prepare me for the bereavement that must come. Thankful indeed am I for the Scripture I had learned and which the Spirit brought to mind in those first day of our sorrow and in these later days when we have needed them not less.

My boys, remember all you can of our life when Father was with us. Consider it together. Perhaps when your Mother has gone to join dear Father you younger ones will listen to your elder brother as he tells you he never heard one unkind word pass between your Father and Mother, that he remembers nothing but love between us in word and act. Consider all that I gather as keepsakes for you, all that I give you to enable you to know your Father; then think of his death with its peculiarly sad circumstances and draw your own conclusions as to the power of God's word to sustain and give hope when all else fails.

That Wednesday morning by that sealed casket, realizing all that it meant of loneliness and need, realizing our unutterable loss, being especially pitiful for you my fatherless boys, I had not yet lost the feeling of blame There was perhaps a slight relief through faith in God's love, in the idea of correction rather than judgment, I feel that I fail to give you any conception of the distress I suffered from the minute I saw you three boys by that casket--Fatherless.

Then came the flowers, from the Masonic Lodge, from your Father's employees for their ever thoughtful employer, from the Sunday School, from organizations with which Father had been connected, from friends many of whom I had not known, resolutions from Sunday schools, and different churches, from Manufacturer's Exchange and Chamber of Commerce, and letters from eastern business men--until I could not but see that the idea of so wide a bereavement to make me better was entirely too egotistical and narrow. If that were God's purpose, He could accomplish it without touching so many other lives than mine. A telegram came frommy Mother apprehending that we were in trouble. We had withheld a telegram because of the wedding but forgotten the Press dispatches. It was very early in the morning when the dispatch came; I had but just received that message of My Heavenly Father's love. Perhaps it was on that same card whereon I had thought to note the hard verses that I wrote in answer to my Mother, and having had the heavenly message first I had courage to bid her not to fear for me, while I assured her of the comfort her presence would be if she could come.

The funeral hour was near and the nearer we came to the tomb the more did friends hasten to bring to us through their flowers the hope of the resurrection and the comfort of human sympathy. The blackness of the casket was covered with brightness. A friend asked if we would have a picture of it. Perhaps it was due dear Father's aged Mother in the East, and if ever my boys should need a strong restraint surely such a picture would suffice. This latter

thought born of my fear for you now that your Father was gone influenced me to permit the taking of the picture. I did not know that it would deny us so many of the last solemn minutes as it did, when we might have knelt around that casket in better preparation for your future. Some of the flower pieces on the casket needed raising in arranging for the picture. Some one brought an encyclopedia and laid it on the casket under theflowers, but I could not bear it there. It was cold, hard, only intellectual; The Bible, a book dear Father had given me, and one the gift of my own dear Father, must be there--something with love in it. I put the encyclopedia away; yet, in the happy days passed I had delighted to search hour after hour in that rejected book. Learn from this that in real sorrow that which is only intellectual can not meet the hearts need. Be diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, but be wise to provide better comfort for the days of trouble.

At noon your Father's father and brother came from the East, dear Grandpa more than eighty years old and well, to mourn over the son cut off in his prime. There is little to tell you of the brief burial service here at home. I remember only a consciousness of that coffin and what it meant, my baby's fretting, Harold's crying, little Arthur's keeping close to Mother, and the words of the good pastor when he said Father had entered into rest and peace. I know the selections of Scripture must have been full of consolation, probably the very same dear Father and I

had heard read at a young friend's funeral just before we went to the Lake, and of which Father said he had not till then realized how much comfort there was in the Bible for such a trial--and we were the very next in the church to test that comfort. I could not be calm and listen the time of the funeral service, but days after when the overstrained system could act no longer and I lay prostrate on my bed I hungered for the words which I knew had been spoken. If I could only close my eyes and lie quietly, letting the sweet words fall into my heart like balm, but the pastor had left the city.

After the private service dear Father was carried out through "our Room" through the little hall, off the porch, down the walk--gone forever. Do you wonder that involuntarily my heart found voice and called after my husband? But we could only follow him then and we follow still. Then to the church, dear to us all, dear to your Father as this little home. Into the house of God, down the aisle, where Father was wont to pass in tireless ministry. I know not if the organ played, but the sobs I heard in passing-they are not still yet-- waking always grateful thoughts of human sympathy and love. Perchance, but for those sobs that first submissive song of the choir had made my heart more stony even than it did. Ah, beware how in the time of sorrow you bring forward the 'will of God' It seems to me a bit as if my hunger for help from God's word kept my thoughts in large measure away from the casket before me. You, my little ones, tossed and fretted, unsatisfied if away from your Mother. It was a

wearisome hour, your restlessness due in part to the day's heat which I have been told was excessive, but I wanted you all there for what might be remembered and spoken of in the years to come. The fitness of our Pastor's text to your Father's life: "Ready to every good work" was a satisfaction, but all the comfort I received was from those sympathizing sobs.

Not Changed but Glorified

A poem selected and sent with the loving sympathy of

Mrs. George P. Hays--

"Oh beautious language for those who weep,
Mourning the sight of some dear face departed
Fallen asleep, hushed into silence,
Nevermore to gladen the hearts of men,
Gone like the sunshine of another country
Beyond our ken.

Can it be possible no sound shall welcome
Our coming feet?
How will it look, that face that we have cherished,
When next we meet?
Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly
That we shall know it not?
Will there be nothing that shall say
I love thee and I have not forgot?

Oh foolish heart! That same loved face transfigured
Will meet thee there,

Less sad, less wistful in immortal beauty,
Divinely fair.
The mortal veil washed pure with many weepings
Is rent away,
And the great soul that sat within its prison
Hath found the day.

In that fair morning of that other country
In Paradise
With the same face that we have loved and cherished
We shall arise.
Let us be patient, we who mourn with weeping
Some vanished face;
The Lord hath taken it but to add new beauty
And a diviner grace.

And we shall find, beyond earth's sorrows,
Beyond these skies, those heavenly eyes
With the same welcome shining in their sweetness
That met us here;
Eyes from whose beauty God hath banished weeping
And wiped away the tears.

Be near us dearest one,
As through earth's waters we seek the land
Missing thy voice, thy touch,
And the strong helping of thy true pure hand
Till through storm and tempest,
Safely anchored, just on the other side
We see thy dear face shining through death's shadows
Not changed but glorified.

My dear boys--

It is now six months since your Father was taken from us. The taking away of your Father was to me the breaking down of the great dyke which protected you from the perils of life, the walls were down, the billows gone over us. It was love for my husband and my clinging to my hope in him, with the desire to protect and inspire you, which led me as soon as I had strength after our bereavement to begin gathering together everything which could preserve for you your Father. I knew no fear for you while your Father lived. Had I been trusting in him rather than in God? Happy the wife who being in harmony with her husband is in harmony with God!

In this effort I see love and time contesting. Time, remorseless, passionless Time, with face forever to the future, steadily grinding out the panorama of life; while Love, the stricken love of wife and mother holds on to one little scene struggling to keep it from folding away ere the picture has enriched the lives of her children. Whatever can speak to you of your Father I keep for you. The world is all so new to you; you have come such a little way and may have yet so far to go that without these things you might forget. And that were unjust to your Father, the best of fathers, and a grievous loss to yourselves. If you are true to yourselves and your God you will lift to men a prouder face and tread the world with a kinglier step because of your knowledge of your Father. Even the youngest of you may now be able to picture our home as it used to be. I have written for you to the grave. For your Father the Word of God goes on from there: "Though he die yet shall he live." "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

For ourselves, we begin a new volume when we turn from the grave.

The things we would have had done and would not have had done at that open grave had we known more of death. Let them go, thankful that we needed not to learn them sooner. I shall never forget the hurt of some one's Laugh as it rang out in passing us returning from the cemetery. Remember the heart that leaves the grave of a loved one is very sore. The house desolate to which one returns! Its gloom and emptiness is indescribable.

Into our lonely home our Pastor came with us again to pray. Thank God for hope in Him, which buoys up until faith and love recover. If I could only get to the prayer meeting dear Father had appointed for this Wednesday evening. I did not care what anyone would think of my being out. Father had appointed the meeting and there might be some special help for me. Oh, I was so hungry for comfort(But when the time came for the meeting I was too weak to stand and the carriage was sent back. I tried to make myself comfortable in the reclining chair as Father used to fix me when I was not well. How could I without him? I could almost hear him say "Let Mama rest."

This summer our church had not had its prayer meeting with the usual regularity. When Father came to the Lake the last time he told me there had been such a good prayer meeting the Wednesday previous; the Pastor had been in town, though it was the time of his vacation. And said Father, "I appointed another meeting for this week through the bulletin, though I don't know who will lead."

That fatal Monday, late, as Father was returning to business the first thing he did after breakfast at nine was to call on a fellow churchman and ask him to take charge of the meeting Wednesday evening. He then stopped at the office of the secretary of

the oil company, met one of the workmen, went with him to select some supplies for work at the well, then to his own place of business about half past ten o'clock. At the store he found many orders to be filled and among them as order for flashlight, an explosive, which Father was in the habit of preparing for the trade himself. There were probably five or six men in the store, all busy filling the orders, and Father took up the work with them, attending especially to the order requiring the Flashlight. About noon an acquaintance came in to see Father on business and invited him to go with him to lunch, but Father declined because of his late breakfast and the press of business. He went on with his work; the others went to lunch. The street was comparatively deserted. Your Uncle and one of the clerks returned. And then came the terrific explosion, just how no one will ever know, but in that instant your Father exchanged earth for heaven.

Had they in Heaven heard dear Father singing:

"Thou, Lord, my path shall choose
And guide shall be.
What shall I fear to lose while I have Thee?
To Thee, the only wise, whatever be
I will lift up my eyes joyful to Thee"?

God knew the heart and hesitated not to take His own, without warning. It seems to me that summer day God loosed the links that bound us an unbroken circle here, and now we are no more a circle but a line, a little band, to follow in the narrow way--Father going first and suddenly entering 'within the veil. Or maybe, dears, when God loosened the links that day and took my hand from out your Father's, He only let Himself within the circle. No! surely He was one with us before,

but I have thought of it this way. And the circle grew too wide for earth, so Father went out into the shadow, the shadow of death, his hand unclasped from mine, held by his Lord. All the time comes back to me his singing, "God be with you till we meet again. Keep love's banner waving o'er you, Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet." And from the Lord who leadeth on I hear in accents tender, "I will hold thy hand and will keep thee." Dear husband, be it so. "He claspeth thy hand He claspeth mine and keeps us near.

Did these thoughts come to me the evening after I laid my dead away? Ah no, I could only lie prostrate and lonely, longing for the comfort that might be at that meeting Father had planned. It seemed to me I could not rise. Yet when you children called or cried I must, I thought, because you had no father. Believe me, of all the wealth of kindness and sympathy many friends bestowed upon us in those first sad days, none is dearer to me than that of the friend who thought of the loneliness of the evening after the funeral and came, if haply he might minister. When he came I was lying in the chair seemingly without strength to lift my hand. Earlier when our physician called, before you little ones slept, I was rocking baby. Doctor was to leave the city that evening and had but a minute to stay. With all his kindness, he could not see that I was only nerved for the minute's need else he might have averted the prostration which followed. So too the next morning when the Pastor came. I remember I had on a large apron, having just bathed you little ones. It was time you had your baths and I saw nothing to do but to go on with my duties. If some one else bathed you you might not be lifted into a blanket as was your custom. Certainly there seemed no need that the Pastor should miss the train that would return him to his family expecting him that day. He could not see

that I was hungering to hear those promises again, but he told me of the prayer meeting--that it had been a precious memorial service in connection with the Sunday School lesson as would best please dear Father.

It was that friend that came in the evening, who was in no hurry. He it was who saw the need of a tonic, and I remembered that there must be some left of that which Father had gotten for me in the spring. Father's bringing me so large a bottle had amused me, but now it seemed to me to have been a special providence. It make my husband's thoughtful tenderness reach into my bitter loneliness. There was love in that medicine; I drank it into my heart where no other could have touched.

Thursday we tried to go to the grave, but strength failed again. We wanted to be near Father and say as we would , "He is not here," the grave seemed the nearest place, and once there, the dreariest. It was Friday morning that we went there alone. I had looked so unnatural to myself when I passed the mirror when going out that I thought if dear Father looked down from heaven he would not know me, and I took off the black bonnet and put on the pretty little brown hat I had worn at the lake. Was I in my right mind? I do not know. The sun scorched grave with its ruined flowers did us no good. But on this I would write no further were it not for one thing. Nor will I go into detail of this three days following, when confined to my bed I thought how I would like to make of our little house a church to Father's memory. I would have stone from the dear old church soon to be torn down and use it about Father's grave. The insurance money would seem to me like the price of his life; I could not eat of it. I could not put it to a common use. If I could only keep always the ten dollars Father had given me that Monday morning last! But it went

before the business was readjusted.

My baby would stand by my bed and look at me wonderingly, and then as if he had thought what would please me would demand, "say 'hurrah for Papa',Mama." He would even stamp his little foot and repeat, "Say 'rah for Papa'." And when I whispered to him to say "Papa" for Mama, he would always add the hurrah. Are babies wiser than we think? "God bless Papa and Mama." May you never know, my boys, how hard it is to unlink these two names, and leave one out from a baby's prayer. It is too hard to do, and so you pray, "Give dear Papa good night; give dear Papa good morning."

Time and again things which Father had carried in his pockets were picked up in the ruins of the explosion, until realizing what might be I begged them to take care in searching the debris, and once dear Father's grave was opened to receive a tiny box, a second casket, by us unopened. Your Father's watch you have for a keepsake. He left it with the jeweler for repairs the Saturday he went to the Lake.

Father's first Sunday in Heaven, the thought of what the day must be to him kept me in quietness that day. I could scarce bear for anyone to speak, unless it were your Grandfather telling you of your Father when he was a boy. One thing more troubled me. I could not think of Father without the injured body. I seemed not to be able to separate body and spirit, but when a friend, the same friend who came in the evening after the funeral, read to me that wonderful chapter on the Resurrection; First Corinthians, Fifteenth Chapter, I thought I could immediately rise and walk, and in the strength of that chapter I did very soon. But first our friend cleared the house of the papers with the horrible details of the accident, engaging to preserve for you such items as we would wish. I never read those papers; nor did I care to send them to friends, and I had dreaded to look about me lest the awful headlines under your Father's picture

would stare me in the face and make me know them.

It is to tell you the strength that came through the word of God that I have written you these last pages. But do not think I found no help in human sympathy. The first time I was able to be out of doors again,wrapped in the shawl my husband had given me--the new black things could not make me comfortable as it did--I went out on the porch. How plainly I seemed to see your Father turning the corner on his wheel, the current of air blowing his beard back as he turned his face toward home. And there was where Father always stepped from the car when we were waiting for him on the porch. I was yet more disheartened, I walked the porch back and forth, feeling alone, utterly alone in all the world. Then came my Robert and wthout a word he slipped his little hand in mine and walked with me until I said, "Robert walks with Mama just like papa did." "Yes," lisped the baby and his step lengthened and grew firmer, his hand more closely clasping mine, and a sense or human fellowship came to me with such gratefulness on my part that the years can never make me lose the strength my baby gave me in that hour. I can not express my thankfulness for all the kindness which did what it could for us in the hour or our bereavement and has not ceased to bless us yet; nor will it cease to bless if its friendly ministries are given into hearts and lives so full of gratitude they must perforce o'erflow to bless the givers and gladden others in the great family of God.

Especially do I commend to your grateful remembrance the many friends whose letters of sympathy and hope I treasure for you and also the other friends whom you will remember were with us in our sorrow. "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." It is a kind providence which has so ordered my life as to permit me the happiness of a strong faith in friendship, but never until

sorrow came to us with my own people far away did I realize how near and dear are those of like precious faith with us in the Gospel. None can be so helpful in the time of trouble as those who confirm our hope by their personal faith.

Now our dear grave is green with sod from home, sod dear Father trimmed and tended to have in order for our coming. Every day more and more the unusual is giving place to the opportunity and duty to take up what is left of the old life, but for whom now shall the evening lights be lighted and the curtains drawn aside to let the cheer shine out a welcome? There is no one to care if the house is orderly and pretty. "What is it all when all is done?" I am not interested even to please or profit you, my children. There is no purpose of aim in life but what is stunned, perhaps utterly dead through our affliction. "Time a great healer?" It may be, to heal as deepest wounds are healed when God would have us live despite them, healed with scars, deep scars we always feel. I know that evermore we will bear the marks of this fiery trial, and in our blindness at it all Love will trace the sacred scars and read as do the blind, their raised letters, the story of the happy past, a story of ten happy years, ten years of perfect confidence and peace.

How ye comforted me:

Incidents

The first worker (Thursday morning, August fifth) Harold, "Mama, shall I go downtown and stop the paper's going to Palmer Lake and have it sent here? Hadn't I better buy myself a pair of pants, too?" And he did it.

Arthur, four years old, It was one of those first mornings after the funeral, Arthur sitting on my lap while I dressed him, "Hurry up, Mama, I must go and sell papers." "What for, Arthur?" "To get money."

"And what do you want money for?" expecting to hear candy or a toy, but it was 'for things we need.' "What do we need, dear?" "Oh, yeast." Later I found the child going out with old papers from the paper basket tucked under his arm in newsboy style, but just then breakfast was ready. Another time Arthur came saying, "See, Mama, I can chop kindling," and a little bundle of this "kindling" is one of the precious keepsakes hanging in my room. Other little chores were Arthur's self imposed task, and he would say, "I'll do it now for nothing, Mama." And when Harold said, "Isn't it too bad he smokes," of a young man whom they knew, and I said he would be better if he did not, and then he could have more money to buy books and pictures and to do good with. "Your Father did not smoke, and his boys will not." "No," said Arthur, "I'll not poke (smoke), I'll save my money." not for a horse and carriage as he used often to say when Father lived but again "for things we need." Yet no word of the family purse had been spoken before you children, nor was there need for anxiety concerning it if the right prevailed, as it has, but from the first Arthur especially was impressed with the change in our affairs through the loss of his Father.

One day coming in from the cemetery and noticing how gloomy the old home looked, I said to Harold , If we only had some way to keep the grocer and market man from running through here, the side gate, we would plant flowers in this corner." "There ought to be a back gate,"said Harold. The next morning I saw Harold sawing through the rear fence. It was too late to save the fence, besides, I did not much care what went to pieces in those days, so I said nothing. An hour later the house maid came to tell me that Harold had directed the butcher to come in through the alley next morning, and before evening I was surprised to see that where the fence had been whole a

portion of it hung on leather hinges, answering very well the purpose of a gate.

I knew Harold was being thoughtful for me in not asking questions of the explosion. Only once the child called me to his bed and asked as if he must be relieved of a great anxiety, "If dear Papa suffered before his death, if he was thrown and wounded--". When I comforted him with the assurance we had that dear Father did not suffer, tears and convulsive sobs relieved him, and then he fell asleep.

Once when undressing Arthur at bedtime I said, "Tell Mama dear all that you can remember that Papa prayed for." Promptly but thoughtfully came the answer , "Papa prayed make the Sunday School good, and make us boys good and happy."

It was a beautiful starry evening. You boys and I were in the yard. Coming close to me Arthur said in a low voice, "Mama, I want to tell you something." "What is it, Arthur?" "Come over here, Mama, where no one will hear," said the child drawing me away. "What is it, dear," bending down to listen. Putting his arms around me he whispered, "I was just thinking, Mama, maybe dear Papa is up there in a star." "Dead" and "the grave" are hard words to say, and I said "Papa's resting place", but my Arthur corrected me, "This isn't Papa's resting place, Mama; Papa's resting place is heaven."

Before going to sleep Arthur had been singing "When He cometh, when He cometh to make up His jewels." About two o'clock he wakened and reaching over to me, for he slept so near, he said, "Mama, I can't help dreaming 'bout Papa." "Mama's glad of it, Arthur, what did you dream?" "I dreamed Jesus would take care of Papa, and that Papa came to count us ('When He cometh to make up His jewels), and when I was coming home this afternoon I dreamed (this time meaning thought). "I dreamed how glad I'd been if there hadn't been a splosion. And I dreamed if there hadn't been a splosion God wouldn't have let Papa

die. I'm going to look at dear Papa's picture every day so I'll know him when I see him again, but let me come in your bed,Mama, I can dream better 'bout Papa,close by you."

And what did baby Robert do? Watch for Papa day after day, calling him as long as he could see the street car, often wild with delight when the man he thought might be Papa stepped from the car and turned our way, and then his disappointment when the man passed by or turned another way was pitiable; so much so that I feared the strain on his nervous system would make him ill, and I felt that I must make him understand that his Father could not come. Continually he wrote "letters to Papa", and would hide the scribbled scraps away and after a time bring them out demanding that I read Papa's letter. Finally he would insist that the letter the postman brought was from Papa, especially if the envelope bore the least resemblance to your Father's business envelope. He would insist until sometimes I must read to him a letter Father had written to us at the Lake. Finally , weeks after we came home I had taken Robert to the bathroom to prepare for supper as I used to take him to "make him pretty for Papa". Robert heard the outside door open; instantly the baby finger cautioned me to listen. "Papa," he said, listening intently. Then it was I took my baby,and through tears I could not hide and the best smiles I could make, I tried to tell Robert of Heaven and Papa's happiness, but that Papa did not want to leave us. The baby's earnest eyes were very sad and wondering, his chin quivered, his breathing, was almost sobs, and yet he did not cry. He took my hand and led me to one and another of dear Father's pictures, motioning to kiss them. No sadder farewell had we taken or our Beloved. To give up a hope is not easy even at two years. Another time Robert came holding his locket up under his curls saying, "Show Papa curls, Mama."

The First time the house seemed in order like it used to be before your Father was taken away I passed throughthe rooms with baby

in my arms. No one else was there. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "It is so like it used to be and yet so different." Instantly the baby hands were on my face caressingly, and he said, "Papa! Mama, Papa!" Just so he always understood.

We had not thought Robert could learn a prayer, he talked so little, but one night, wishing to do as the other boys did, he knelt by them and said, "Hurrah for Papa," and then I taught him this, which sometimes in his sleep I would hear him murmur, "Thank you, dear Jesus, for Papa." I remember once when Arthur had offended, Robert fairly dragged him away "to tell Papa"; nor was he satisfied until Arthur knelt by the bedside "to tell Papa", with Rob standing by like a guardian angel.

Peppermint suggests "good tea Papa fixed", and Robert never sees a fish but he says, "Papa got fish for Arthur and Harry and Robbie." It is a strange reminder of that little rish that in my favorite shawl, which is Persian and the one Father gave me and which I wore with him at the Lake, intermingling in the fancy stripe is woven here and there the outline of a fish. I had had the shawl a long time before I noticed this; I am not sure I noticed it before Father was taken away.

As to a bicycle for Harold I am pleased to write that Harold proved himself too manly to express a wish for it in the unsettled state of our affairs succeeding our bereavement, but the fact that Father wished the boy to have a wheel overruled all my former objections to its purchase and determined me that it should be the first luxury indulged in. It was nearly Christmas before the wheel came, and then it was through the exchange of the bicycle dear Father himself had so much enjoyed.

It was a severe trial from which I learned I could be glad again. This first winter we were alone baby Rob had scarlet fever. It went

on until the doctor said he could not live. Not withstanding, Thanksgiving Day Robert changed for the better, and then it was I was conscious that my heart could lighten. We had taken flowers to dear Father's grave until every leaf and flower Robert found was for "Papa". During his sickness, friends who could not come to us because of the fever sent flowers, and when I would hold them before Robert he would whisper, for he could not speak aloud, "For Papa, Mama, for Papa." Oh how my heart ached to think perhaps our darling would carry those same white roses down into the grave--for Papa! Thank God that was not to be. Rather, being spared, may Robert honor his Father with the white flower of a blameless life.

The approved order in writing a biography is to begin with the date of birth and therefrom unfold the life in chronological order. But if one writes of her husband this order is not natural. Ordinarily a woman takes up her husband's life in the midst of it; she reads forwards and backwards from their wedding day. Rich indeed is he whose marriage offering is the volume of his life wherein are no sealed pages. Blessed is she among women whose mother love and aspiration finds in the father's life helps heavenward for his children.

Your Father and I were married at Denver, Colorado, in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and seventy-nine. I had met your Father four years previous when I brought my invalid brother to the climate of Colorado. I was then nineteen years of age, and my brother was nine. We spent the winter in Colorado and California, then returned to our home in Illinois. A month later in company with an older brother and one of my college friends, a young lady, I went on to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

Before this sightseeing was done I was violently ill with spinal

meningitas. My Mother and Father came on to be with me, and it was months later when my Mother took me home. Even then I suffered a relapse and for a year was in most delicate health, with little prospect of ever being strong again, so that I declared I would marry no one. The love story before marriage I omit. In the meantime it had been necessary to return my little brother to Denver, which necessity drew us all thither in the year Eighteen Seventy-Seven or Eight. I was well but not strong, and, of course, I met your Father again-- and he had visited me several times in the East. Colorado has always been kind to me; my health improved until,I think, I was well as ever, which is very well, and, as I said, we were married in Seventy-Nine. Our wedding trip was to visit your Father's relatives in Iowa and mine in Illinois. Your Father's Father and Mother were then both more than seventy years of age. Perhaps you will be interested to learn that your Father's age when he was married was thirty-two. The Mother's form was bent and her hands trembled in her caress, as, with a look inquiring while tender and tearful, she hesitated a moment then drew me to herself in a fond embrace and said, "Welcome, welcome, my daughter," and nothing less kind have I ever received from her.

Your Grandfather, now eighty-two or three years old, is scarcely less sprightly than when he added his greeting to Mother's twelve years ago. I am not sure but Grandpa could outwalk us all now. Is not a genial, hardy old age proof of wisdom? Grandpa was born in Massachusetts of English parentage. His Father died before he was ten years old.. Grandpa has told me, "My Father was a man of considerable business for those days, and he was taking--I forget what Grandpa said-- cattle or hides I believe, to another town for sale, took a severe cold and died of pneumonia." I think Grandpa said before he could return home. There were five or six children thus left to the Mother's care, and your Grandfather came up through a hard child-

hood and learned the trade of a tanner but withal must have developed sterling qualities for he married Lydia Case, whose father was a Godly man, well to do, and the patron of education, for I have gathered that Grandfather Case gave liberally of his means to help Oberlin College through its early struggles. Of this family two of the boys, I believe, were ministers, not living since my acquaintance with the family. Another, Charles, studied law, practiced in Fort Wayne, Ind. and later in Washington D.C. in the Supreme Court of the United States. Frank was a civil engineer making his home in Denver, Colorado, serving the city for two terms as mayor. The sisters, Lydia and Keturah, were both good women. One of the relatives told me that when the sisters were young Keturah was known as the pretty one, but Lydia, your Father's Mother was especially beloved for her kindliness.

These young people, Dan Ladd Bosworth and Lydia Case, sometime after their marriage removed to Lee County, Iowa, where your Father was born, October Eighth, Eighteen Hundred Forty-Seven, and here the family continued to reside until this baby Joab Otis was five years old. Two boys, Arthur and Charles, were older than your Father. The sister Amie Keturah, two years younger. Two other little ones had come but been recalled to Heaven. The little town in Iowa was a poor place socially and otherwise, and it was for the good of his boys that your Grandfather purchased the farm in Clay County, Iowa and removed his family thither when, as I said, your Father was five years old, and it was to this same old farm that your Father took his bride twenty-seven years later. I noticed that day that Father and Mother were "Uncle Dan" and "Aunt Lydie" to all the farmer folk we met along the road and to all the party of neighbors who came in the evening to greet us with their honest good wishes.

Oft times in those days your Father and I would steal away to

the orchard and there under the old trees which your Father had helped to plant we spent many pleasant hours. We would wander on to the creek over paths familiar to your Father in boyhood; he would point out his favorite walnut trees, and we would scramble through the hazel brush, to the path through the pasture, see the pet colts gathered around, and the cows lazily gathereding for the milking. Sometimes I rode to town, brighton with Grandpa, leaving your Father with his dear old mother. It was on these jaunts that Grandpa would live over the past for me. His fatherly pride was delightful as he would tell how, "He could always trust his boys." "Never knew them to do a mean thing," he would say. Charley was bolder than the others, more disposed to take care of himself. Joab was easily grieved and easily teased, so the older boys made it pretty hard for him sometimes, but his Mother made it all up to him. Joab was always Mothers boy. He would never eat away from home when he was a child, and the first time he tried staying all night with one of the boys he had to be brought home at midnight to see his Mother. "Arthur, the oldest, was gentle and good too," the dear old man would say, "and Amie is a good woman. We always gave our children every advantage we could, and they have done well, better than many round here." Then Grandpa would tell me that a faithful boy your Father was on the farm though he did not like farm life.

When the war broke out, Arthur enlisted, and Charley too went from Oberlin College. Charley intended to study for the ministry, but the war spoilt that. Joab wanted very much to go to the war, but he could only have gone as drummer boy for he was only fifteen years old. "Joab wanted very much to go so that finally I told him he might do as he pleased, only," said I, "I don't know what we will do here on the farm if you go. And the boy gave up and stayed at home where he was better off. I don't know but what Joab worked too hard on the farm," then , said Grandpa, "but it couldn't be helped. They were all

Union men in Iowa, and every able bodied man went to fight. It was impossible to hire farm hands for there were none in the country so Joab and I had to work the whole farm. The war interfered with Joab's going to college, but he went to Denmark Academy, and then to Eastman's Business College in Chicago. Then Grandpa would say, "I could always trust my boys. Many a time when they wanted money for a party or singing school I have handed out my pocketbook telling them to use what they needed, and they never took advantage of me." He told me of a runaway Joab had, "But he held on to the lines and brought the horses 'round all right. Tell you that boy could manage any team." Grandpa would say, "See that rock over there? Well, I'll tell you a little joke on your husband; one summer that rock was covered with pumpkin vines. I didn't understand it, and then Joab confessed that he had gotten tired planting pumpkins, threw the balance of his seeds in the corner of the field and rolled that rock on them. Sometimes I would stay with mother while your Father and Grandpa were gone to call on the old neighbors, and mother would have her turn to tell me of my husband, "What a white baby he was, even his hair was white. People thought he was ill, but he was not. Joab is most like my family. He looks like my Father and he lived to be ninety years old. Joab always liked to help me about the house, and I have so often suffered from rhuematism that my boy's help has been a real comfort to me. When the boys would tease Joab he would come in and stay with mother."

I have said nothing of the house; I never thought of it. Why should I? It is the people that tell, not the house. However, this was a plain, roomy, white, frame house comfortably furnished and standing in front of the loge house which had been built twenty-five years earlier. Charley and Amie were both married and comfortably settled on farms not many miles distant from Fathers, and it was our pleasure to extend our tour to receive their congratulations, but not until

we had been dismissed from the old home with the benediction of the mother's prayer. Other times Father led us at family worship, but the morning we were going away Father would say, "You pray this morning, Mother." And as often as I have visited these good people since my marriage, Mother has always prayed the last morning. That Mother's prayer, you can judge of its power when I tell you what your Aunt Amie told me once, that when Mother was worried and things went crooked they would miss Mother a few minutes, and she would return with her face lightened, strong to begin anew. They knew Mother had gone aside to pray. And your Father has said mother never scolded, and I say your Father was like his Mother. Yes, after Mother's prayer we would rather be quiet till the goodbye must be said.

Arthur ,"so gentle and good", and disposed to farm life, it had been hoped would remain on the home farm with his Father. He married and had two sons, Homer and Mark, but exposure in the army had broken his health, and he died from what seemed consumption a year or two before your Father's marriage. I am not sure but what when your Father came to Denver years ago it was to accompany this brother in his search for health. Whether it was your Father or Grandpa who came out with your Uncle Arthur I have forgotten. Be that as it may, when your Father did come in those early days he crossed the plains by wagon and was made welcome in the home of his Uncle Frank, General F.M. Case.

Your Grandf ather gave each of his children five hundred dollars to help them start in business, but this money to your Father came at different times so that when your Father arrived in Denver he had no capital to invest. After finishing the Academy and business college Father taught school in Iowa for six years, the last two years of which time he was superintendant of schools in Afton. Now it seems to me that many a young man, Father was twenty-five at this time, coming from the school room to Denver as your Father did would have been

content to idle at his uncle's, rich and kindly as this uncle was, until some genteel employment presented itself. Not so, your Father. Mark it; there was no laziness in your Father, and he never shirked. He was free from false pride and had plenty of pride of the right kind. The best place that offered was for him to go with a surveying party as Flagman. Father went and came back cook, thanks to the help he had given his mother and the misbehavior of the party's cook. Immediately thereafter he entered one of the Denver banks, where he remained until the spring of Seventy-four. Next he was in a land office in Pueblo for a short time, and then with his Uncle Frank as partner he assumed an indebtedness of several thousand dollars and embarked in the drug business, continuing in this until the fall of Seventy-nine.

In the spring of seventy-eight your Father formed a partnership and began dealing in assayer's supplies and manufacturing firebrick, crucibles, scorifiers, fuffles, furnaces, etc. It was E. E. Burlingame, one of Denver's foremost assayers, who called the attention of your Father to the possibilities of the successful manufacture of such goods in America. Father's progressive nature with his fondness for experiment and invention disposed him to the proposed enterprise, and with him to decide was to execute. Very well do I remember the first time I looked in on the new venture. Back on the drugstore had been placed a carpenter's bench, and on this was a pile of prepared clay and a hand press, which pressed the clay into the shape of the desired goods which the tradesmen were then obliged to import from England and Germany to supply the demand of the district's mines. I do not recall seeing a workman at the table, but I think a day laborer was employed to mix clay and press as directed. I know Father employed his spare time there back of the store. Such was the begin-

ning of the present "Denver Fire Clay Co. The first Company was "Bosworth,(your Father,) Burlingame, (the Assayer), and CO." (Uncle Frank Case) It was just before we were married that the store was sold and the proceeds used for buildings and plant for the new manufactury, located on lots then owned by Uncle Frank Case, and which is yet a portion of the present site of the larger and more substantial buildings. E.E. Burlingame, busy and content with his ass ying,soon sold his interest in this business to Charles Babcock, and he soon thought he saw a better opening in Leadville, then a booming mining camp and sold out to my brother George. Brother George married soon afterwards and associated himself with the mercnantile business of his Father-in-law, selling his stock in the Fire Clay Co. to your Uncle W. T. Cornwall, the husband of your Father's sister. Later by several years, Uncle Frank Case because of his wife's ill health removed to the East, and your father and his cousin, W.W. Case, son of Hon. Charles Case of Washington, purchased his Fire Clay stock. There was no further change in the personel until dear Father was called away. And his interest in the Company we continue to hold. The rapid changes in the business which I have enumerated must suggest to you that the new business was not from the first a bonanza. The necessary experimenting was expensive and often useless excepting the gain in experience. There were ten years of careful living that all that could possibly be saved might be turned in to build up the business. Perhaps it is only just to note that in this your Mother's money, of which she was possessed before her marriage did its part.

We touch on a point I wish you to understand. I trusted no man with my life, soul, and body that I could not trust with my money. Your Father never risked, nor suggested risking my principle. He proved himself to be as worthy in the lesser trust as you have seen him to have been in the greater, and believe me, so long as we were

married I never spoke of "my money." I never liked that between husband and wife; it was "ours", but the income as it came in monthly, about a hundred dollars, was a very material help in relieving the business of our living expenses. If sometimes I knew just a touch of regret,not too big to be kept out of words, regret that the "rent money" paid in at the office was needed for the prosy family bills of the current month and was not free for more of the pretty pleasing things a woman thinks of needing, I may be pardoned. Even had the business not proved to be the success it is today I should have had sufficient reward in the consciousness that the money never made a note of discord in our home and did help Father to realize his ambitions. Father was the one and the only one who never lost faith in the worth of this business, and it has seemed hard that he should be taken away in the first fruits of his efforts. Not until the year, Eighteen Eighty-Eight or Nine did the Company pay dividends, and Father was gone in Eighteen Ninety; but perhaps since there is nothing more to be desired for Father, it being written, "They shall be satisfied," we should remember to be thankful that we were not bereft of husband and father before the years of struggle were past.

The cottage which was to be our home was nearly completed when we were married. It was built on the two corner lots of the four your Father owned. The other two were sold to assist in the building. Not until now has it occurred to me that I have told you nothing of our wedding. It was a pretty home Wedding with friends, perhaps fifty, flowers, feast, and music, smiles, and the touch of sadness which belongs to a wedding because of "The unknown years" and the mother's thought, "To bear, to nurse, to rear, to love, and then to lose." "Lose" would seem to me to exaggerate in this connection were it not for a tiny incident in my own experience. When your Father and I returned from our wedding trip we were at home at my Father's

for a few days, and then your Father thought it would be pleasant and convenient should we visit at his Uncle Frank's while our house , which was less that a block east of Uncle Franks, was being finished. We told my Father and Mother; they did not seem to regard the change any more seriously than we did. Accordingly one morning we started for Uncle Frank's. No one cried, but before we had gone far we discovered that we had forgotten something and returned to the house. There in the dining room sat my Mother alone, her apron caught up over her face, as she sobbed so convulsively that she did not hear me come in. But when I went to Mother she said, "Oh I know it's all right, Nonie," (Thy Mother's lot,my child, she doth in not accuse") "but it's so hard to have you in the same town and not at home." I

I will not linger to tell you of the interesting time we had furnishing our little home, nor how it was from the first a help to my mother, for when our house was ready to be occupied my younger sister was ill with typhoid fever, and my baby sister and brother, aged four and six years, came to stay with us for several weeks, croup and all. Your Father and I did our own work for the first three months of our housekeeping. I may as well be honest and state it this way for so long as I was busy about the house my Husband was also. I had always thought I would rather a man would take a book than a tea towel,even to help his wife, but despite my notions it was very cosy getting on as we did.

It was in these first days that the little trunk whoh had been dear Father's companion from the time he left the old farm came to rest in the home he had so long desired. It was with girlish curiosity that I looked over the contents of that bachelor's trunk. There were school books, singing books, Masonic apron and gloves, old pictures, one of them of Papa when he was a farmer lad with a plain but very honest face. There was a strip of cardboard embroidered

with a weeping willow and the words, "We mourn our loss," which a lively young lady had given your Father after our engagement was announced. One thing I overlooked, which I did not discover until a year or two later, a small, worn pocket diary of your Father's which he had written in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, when he was seventeen years old. I tried to read the record when I found it, but it was written with pencil and was too faded. I laid the little book reverently away for our boy. I thought some time dear Father would enjoy aiding you through the darkened, faded diary to discover his boyhood. Little did I think how few the years would be until in heart hunger and solicitude for your future I would search the little book reading it with a magnifying glass for your profit. The following transcription I make that you may read for yourselves conveniently.

Monday, January 2nd., 1865--Went to school in Clay. Received a philosopena present from Tot Willis. The Methodists are holding meetings. May God bless them.

January 3rd. Went to school. Went skating in the evening. Had a good time. Ezra Bosworth staid all night with me.

Wednesday, Jan. 7. Learned a piece to speak in school.

Saturday, Jan. 8. Cut Sunday's wood. Doll and May Pringle came down and spent the evening. Harlow mills had the "blues" all day (Harlow Mills was your Father's most intimate boy friend.)

Sunday, Jan. 9. Went to church in Clay Heard Rev. Kennedy preach on the Text, "Thy Days Shall Speak."

January 10. Went to a party at the parsonage. Had a good time.

January 14. Went to school. Played ball at noon. Read in the evening.

Jan. 18. Played "Three old Cats" at noon. Went to meeting in the evening.

Saturday Jan. 18. Went to Mr. Waterson's after some corn. Chopped Sunday's wood. Went to meeting in the evening. Brought Mr. Cooper, the minister home.

January 19. Went to church in Clay. Heard Mr. Cooper preach. Oh, that I was a better Christian.

Jan. 23. Went to school. Recited algebra at noon. Members of the class are Ellen Robinson and myself. Staid all night at Uncle's.

Wednesday, Jan. 24. Nothing special transpired today. Made myself a pair of pants on the machine. (I suppose this to have been one of the times when Grandma was suffering from inflamatory rheumatism)

Thursday, Jan. 25. Went to prayer meeting at Mr. Kennedy's at one o'clock. Heard Mr Ellis preach in the evening. Thank God one soul is saved; Ellen Robinson has given her heart to God.

Jan. 27. Went to church in Clay. heard Mr. Kennedy preach. Wish I could always live a good and humble life. God help me.

Sat. Jan. 28. Worked all day fixing things up at home. Went to meeting in the evening. Talked with Sanford Robinson about religion, God bless him.

Sunday, Jan. 29. Went to meeting. Wrote to Brother Charles in the evening.

Monday, Jan. 30. Went to school. Enjoyed myself first rate. Staid at school house till meeting. Had a good talk with miss Trask. She went forward tonight; may God give her strength.

Feb. 4. Went to school. Walked home through the mud. Had my fortune told tonight. My wife's name begins with O.

Feb. 7. Went to school. Broke my slate clean in two. There is a meeting in Clay tonight and a singing school. I am at home.

Feb. 9. Went to school. Had a good time. Sheridan Tomlin

staid all night at our house. Had a good talk with him on religion.

Feb. 10. Cleaned the school house in the afternoon. Harvey Robertson staid at the school house till meeting. He is a real good boy. May God bless him.

Feb. 12. Communion. Eight united with the church. I hope they will all be true and faithful followers of Christ.

Feb. 13. Went to school. The school house looks real clean. Cousin Addie went home with me to stay all night. He is a real good boy.

Feb. 15. It has snowed most all day. Went to school. Read in in a book entitled "Over the Line" or "A Yankee Prisoner Loose in Dixie," it is real interesting.

Feb. 16. Went to school. The teacher left at one o'clock, and Ellen Robinson and I heard the classes recite. Read some more in that book.

Feb. 17. Hauled four loads of wood from the creek. Went up to the creek to spelling school. Had a good time. Had a sleigh ride.

Sat. Feb. 18. Hauled wood all day.

Sunday, Feb. 19. Went to Clay to church. Had a real energetic Sunday School today.

Feb. 20. Went to school. Enjoyed myself first rate. It has thawed considerable. There is some talk of selling the farm--hope we will.

April 21. Went to school. It is awful muddy. We are to "Equations of three unknown quantities." The members of the class are Ellen and I.

Feb. 23. Went to school. I got a valentine today. It is a real good one. I guess E. sent it.

Feb. 24. Went to school. Staid at the school house 'til spelling school. Our school is out next week. I wish it was not out for three weeks.

Feb. 25. Hauled two loads of fodder this morning. It has rained, haled, and snowed, thawed, and frozen today. We are expecting a wet season this year.

Feb. 28. Sister Amie took us up to school in the sled. The horses ran off with her coming home and hurt her pretty badly. We practiced our pieces today.

March 1. Today is the last day of school. Went up to Jim Wells to a party. Had a good time. Had a good talk with Sanford Robinson. Staid all night.

March 2. Came home from Mr. Robinson's this morning. I think they are real good folks and true Christians. May God bless them. I wish we could sell the farm.

March 8. Started to Washington (Iowa). We took a grist to mill. It was so stormy we did not go any further. We got our grist. I saw them weaving.

March 9. Worked a little in the shop. Made a pair of stirrup straps.

March 10 Chopped wood all day. It is monstrous hard.

March 11. Father and I made me a saddle. Went up to young people's meeting in the evening. Had a real good meeting. Truly God was with us.

March 14. Made another halter. Marlow has been here today. He is a good boy. One of my kind friends. I wish I was as good Christian as he is.

March 15. Fixed up the fence a little in the morning, chopped wood awhile and then went to Brighton. It has snowed all day pretty hard.

March 16. Cut and hauled a load of wood in the forenoon. Sowed grass seed in the afternoon.

March.31. Went to Mrs. Meachiems' to a party in the evening. had a good time.

April 1. Helped plaster the house a little in the forenoon. In the afternoon. John Witter cut wood for us this afternoon.

April 3. It has been a very dreary day. I haven't done very much of anything but tinkering around the house.

April 4. I hunted sheep all the forenoon. Chopped wood. Husked corn in the evening.

April 7. Hunted sheep in the forenoon. Went up to Mr. Frames to a sociable in the evening--I took Ellen. Had a good time.

March 20. Bitted my colt this morning. It has rained most all day. Father rented a piece of land today to Mr. Dillon.

March 22. Oiled our harness today. It is pretty greasy work, but the thought of a home beyond the sky makes it seem easy.

Sat. March 25. I sowed grass seed pretty nearly all day. Went up to prayer meeting in the evening.

march 26. Went to meeting in Clay. Heard Mr. Kennedy preach. I haven't missed Sabbath School this Winter. It is warm and pleasant today.

March 30. Father traded for a horse. He is balky. Went up to Richfield to an Exhibition. Took Amie and Ellen.

April 8. Fixed fence in the forenoon. Burnt weeds in the afternoon. Went to prayer meeting in the evening. Had a good time.

April 10. Havent done anything but tend the sheep. Read in my book in the evening. It is entitled "Lights on Shadowed Paths."

April 12. Father and I set out eighty-two apple trees. That will make quite an orchard. Went to meeting in the evening.

April 19. Went up to Mr. Waterman's and to school in the forenoon. Went up to Brighton and to mill in the afternoon. Got our grist.

April 20. Went up to the timber. Hauled six logs to mill. It is pretty muddy.

April 22. We put a couple or loads of hay in the barn. Went to prayer meeting in the evening. Had a real good meeting.

April 23. Went to meeting in Clay. Heard Mr. Kennedy preach. They elected me librarian of the Sunday School. Hope I won't make any mistakes.

April 24. Went to the timber. Hauled logs all the forenoon. Cut out leather for a saddle in the afternoon.

April 25. I made a saddle for Mr. Robinson. I plowed in the Afternoon.

April 26. I plowed part of today. Harrowed the rest of the time. Got a letter from Cousin Irene. She is a good cousin.

April 27. Bill Smith worked for us in the forenoon. He and I sawed wood. We played checkers in the afternoon. I beat.

April 28. Went to meeting in Clay. I acted as librarian for the first time. How green I felt.

April 29. It has been so wet, We can't do anything hardly yet. I think it is all for the best. God doeth all things well.

May 1. Went to the timber hauled two logs to mill. Got them Sawed.

May 6. We heard today that the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps were to be mustered out. Hope it is true.

May 7. Went to meeting in Clay. Had a short but interesting talk with Sheridan on religion. I hope he may soon be brought into the fold of our Savior.

may 8. I plowed for oats all day. I have a good time thinking of things while I am plowing.

may 9. Plowed all day. I have the best team in the country to plow with. Plowed all afternoon without lines.

Wednesday, May 10. The weather is quite cool. I have plowed all day with my coat and mittens on. I have thought more of my Savior, than common today.

may 12. Finished plowing for oats and plowed a little for corn. The horses ran off but did not break anything.

May 14. Went to meeting in Clay. Heard Mr. Cooper preach. If ever there was a Christian he is one I think.----

Sept. 1. Left home this morning for Denmark Academy. Brother Art, Amie, and Cousin Ada came with me.

Sept. 3. Went to meeting in Denmark. Heard Mr. Turner preach. They have a splendid church in Denmark.

Hereafter there is only an occasional entry, as if the boy's interest was absorbed in the opportunities of the new school.

Oct 19. Father and Mother came today. I was awful glad to see them.

Oct. 20. Have been having a good time visiting our folks.

Beloved husband, "Thy days speak." May thy whiteness of soul be the heritage of our children.

It is nearly five years since I wrote the foregoing sketch for you, my boys. The manuscript in its first writing has been laid aside waiting for the time when I could arrange it for its place among the keepsakes which I trust will keep your Father in your hearts and homes. Time and again I have tried to look over the writing, but it has been too hard, and I have laid it aside. Now, in the last six months, it is done, all but extracts I wish to make from your Father's letters. There are so many letters I fear you boys would never read them. I can not express my depression and heart ache in going over these letters. Only my will to do justice to my husband makes me to persevere in this heartrending task.

Yes, almost five years since dear Father was taken, and withal I owe it to our God to write., "Surely goodness and mercy hath followed us." Still night and morning ascends the prayer to Heaven, "Give dear Papa good night." Give dear Papa good morning." God grant us

all after a well spent life to meet, an unbroken family circle, with other dear ones in the "Morning Land".

From letter your Father wrote in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Six while I was with my brother in California I quote, "Life is a blessing when we can show by visible expression our love for others, for the truest happiness is obtained by making those we love happy.

May 14. "This has been a beautiful Sabbath day. I love bright Sabbaths.---Our sermon was about the seven stars and seven golden candlesticks. Oh, darling, I wish I were a better Christian. That my life were such that those who do not believe in Christ might know that I had been with Jesus and learned of him and that my life might ever show the beauty and comfort of religion. Thus the world would be better for my having lived in it."

July 9. "I do not think it just right to take things quietly just as they come, or circumstances bring them. It is too tame a life for me. I very much prefer making my own circumstances, trusting, of course, our loving Heavenly Father to assist and guide me. I can not be a professional man, nor do I wish to be unless I was sure I could stand at the head of the class, but I can be of use in society and as a business man and intend to be. I do not mean by that that my sole idea is to become wealthy; I am anxious to become so, but only that I may do the more good. But I must stop this strain else you will think after reading my last and this that I am equal to Mrs. Whitney in moralizing. I like her "Sights and Insights" very much and only wish we could read it together. Her expression of "sitting on the throne of glory clothed in a garment down to the foot that even the lowliest might touch the hem of it" gave me new light on this characteristic of our Savior."

July 2. "The Christian hope is worth everything. I do not wonder there are so many fearful suicides when so many trust only to

themselves with no loving Savior to confide in.

"I sometimes allow my imagination to picture to me just how our Savior will look. The picture is always of a perfectly beautiful being with a countenance far exceeding the sun in brightness with a faint expression of sadness and pity that so few comparatively have accepted his offers of perfect happiness but transcending all is his look of perfect love and sympathy for us. Oh, Nora, That will be Heaven for me."

July 25. I am sure, Nora, that you are to be as well as ever. God has spared you to those who love you for some wise purpose. I sincerely hope you are spared for me. I can not bear to think of passing through another trial so soon after these months of anxiety. True I have prayed sincerely that you might be spared through our Lord. though it might not be that you should be mine. Yet not for a moment did I cease to love you with as true a love as it is possible for man to give."

June 12. (I am taking the letters as they come to hand without regard to date.) "You say you do not notice much change in your Father and Mother for all the months of your absence. I wonder if they ever do change to us. I suppose my Father and Mother will look some older when I see them, but they are the same dear parents after all. Just as warmly loving and loveable as ever. I know their hearts beat just as warmly for me now as when I left them, and though I do not miss their company as much now as then yet I love them just as dearly and appreciate their care and watchfulness over me in boyhood more than ever before. God bless them both. I love to think of them and find real comfort in knowing that after all is past with us here, we shall meet in a holier and purer clime and know each other there."

May 12. I am sorry I said anything about finances in my letter. I only meant by what I said that I would dearly love to offer you the

finest home in Denver, and yet I know it would be no dearer or happier than the one I am sure I can make for you. I can make the place neat and comfortable, and with you there it would be almost heaven to me. I could not have you loved you at all had I thought you cared only for a home and its comforts--you have all that now. I loved you because I found you to be a true woman in whom I see no fault at all, my ideal woman."

Nov.4. "My life as to the future is in God's hands, and I believe He will unravel the snarl for both of us in the best way. We will trust Him. How strange life seems sometimes; I can not comprehend it, and after wondering why this and that is, and what it will all amount to when all is ended, I end up with "God knows." and will tell me when I see as I am seen and know as I am known. All mysteries will be made clear there, all snarls unraveled, and we shall commence eternity straight and with Christ as our personal leader; all eternity will be unriffled; mental and moral advancement will be made by the now unknown rule of perfection instead of trials and adversity.

Oct 8. Isn't it wonderful. (The Centennial Exposition). The perfection to which man has brought his handiwork makes us realize the truth of his being made 'but a little lower than the angels'. It is encouraging to see what man can do but dreadfully discouraging sometimes to see to what littlenesses they stoop. When God has given us power all but almighty, capabilities all but infinite and sometimes opportunities all but unlimited it is strange we should not improve them better. I sometimes think had I my life to live over again I would fit myself for a position where I could wield greater influence in society that I might do much to help on God's glorious cause, urging all to true manliness and from manliness to its highest type that of Godliness. But could I do this? To be anywhere but in the front ranks of a profession would not satisfy my ambition. I guess

in my case "as it is is best" for as we sang in Sabbath School today, "My Savior leads me all the way, and as he leads me so will I do, gaining all the wisdom I can, using all my powers, capabilities, and opportunities as He directs." I had not intended to theorize tonight, but how can I help it after going to church this morning and hearing such a good sermon from our much loved Dr. Lord from the text; "Unto Him who hath redeemed us by his own precious blood and made us Kings and Priests unto God, to Him be glory and dominion forever."

Sept 10. "We would strive to make home all you have described it, making it our "Mercy Seat", where we would meet all but face to face with God---- We would go forth each day strengthened by the strength of the strongest earthly power, the serene influence of a Christian home."

August, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Seven. "Who knows but this love may go on until God shall transplant us into the realms of Heaven? And then as our souls expand in its glorious light and we are capable of giving and receiving more we shall give even more love to each other through all eternity.

July 13. When they were raising subscriptions for the new church, I subscribed five hundred dollars, more perhaps than I ought, but it was when you were ill and everything looked so dark for me. I also saw how much money was needed, and how few there were to give. I have been as careful and saving as I can be, and I believe God will provide a way for me to pay this. Since you have recovered I have thought of this so much. If you are to be mine it may keep us apart some longer, which will be my greatest sacrifice. But why do I write in this way? There is nothing in your letter that signifies that we are to be anything more than dear friends. The Sunday School Superintendant is away, and I have charge of the sunday School and teacher's meeting and also of the Young People's Prayer Meeting as far as providing a leader and selecting subjects and texts.

Aug. 8. "Your good letter was received night before last, and I intended writing you before but received a letter from my Mother. She is so lonely since brother Art hur died that I wrote to her first. I send Mother's letter to you. I wish you knew my Mother, Nora. You could not help loving her. She is almost an Angel, so kind, so patient, and so good."

From "Mother's Letter"; "Dear Joab. When Father wrote you I did not think it would be so long before I would write to you, but it is getting to be more of a task to me to write than it used to be. We are all very busy harvesting--have got the most of our hay out. Thirty acres of oats north of the house are ready for the sickle. Oats and hay are good, but a good deal of the corn looks pretty slim and short. Father tries to work in the field, but tonight he had to lie down after supper. We had a real good visit with Charley and Amie. I am sorry they did not get home in time for Arthur's funeral. It would have been a comfort for them to have seen his precious day. He looked so natural, as when in sleep, and it <u>was</u> his last sweet sleep. "Blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep." Yes, three of our dear children are waiting to welcome us on the other side of "the dark river". Oh, why should I mourn for them? "Jesus wept." And so may we. It is pleasant to look back over Arthur's whole life and not find one dark spot made by a disrespectful or unkind word. My children have all been kind and respectful, but Arthur, always with us, was so patient with our infirmities that we had learned to lean upon him. Our Heavenly Father has taken away our human support, but His kind strong arm still sustains. Your loving Mother.

July--- "I have had to discharge my perscription clerk today, offence: moderate drinking. He came to work for me with the understanding that his first drink would be the same as his discharge, and I find he has been drinking occasionally for two months. As you know, I never take liquor myself, and that is an unconditional demand

I make of all my clenks. I send you papers recording the death of my brother. He was a dear good brother. It is hard to part with one so true, but, oh Darling, it is a comfort to know he is now safe among the ransomed, that he is happy in the sunshine of a Savior's smiles, and "knows as he is known". Heaven does not seem so far away with a loved one there.

January-Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Eight. "I miss sadly much that I would have gained had I taken a collegiate course. There is nothing that so enables a man to be a leader as education."

June. "The sun rose just as I always wish it to rise on Sabbath morning, clear and beautiful, lighting all around with a light that always seems softer and more beautiful because of the sacredness of the day. This morning there opened to my view a beautiful valley surrounded by high mountains whose tops were bare of shrubbery because of the height and in the place of it were snowbanks clear and white as the sunlight. In the valley were beautiful evergreens and grass. There are few flowers this side the range. I did not hear the welcome sound of church bells, but the stillness and beauty told just as plainly of the All Wise Creator, whom we have a right to call Father. After breakfast we started out again. I opened my Bible and read one of those Psalms of David so full of praise to God for His goodness and mercy and His greatness as displayed in His creation. It seemed to add new lustre to the mountains as we kept climbing. As we came near the summit we passed through a snowstorm. It only lasted a few minutes, and then the sun shone brightly again. Among the strange things I saw were pretty white flowers blooming right beside the snowdrifts. In places the ground was white with them."

April. "You mention the terrible accident. How strange God's providences seem to us. We can not call them unjust because we can not see how they may effect the future. It is sweet to know He doeth

all things well, and by and by we shall know the reason for all these mysterious providences."

January, "Tell your brother I claim the laurels for New Year's calling. I made eighty-two calls."

March. "You speak of "my tender confident words of my wife elect". I can not half tell it. No shadow of doubt ever comes to me. I know, Darling, you will be all I can desire, and oh so many times I pray that I may be more worthy of you. I am sure God hears me and knows I will do all in my power to answer the petition."

May. "I wonder if after we are married you will not sometimes wish you had not kept me waiting so long." I acknowledge that I did wish just so.

June. "Uncle Frank is going to draw the plans for our house tomorrow, and I will enclose them in a letter tomorrow night if finished." (At this time I was visiting in the East.)

June. "Your story of the broken bridge did not have the desired effect. I never worry over anything that is past."

Sept. 3, Eighteen hundred Eighty-One. Home--"My dear Wife. Your dear good letter came last night. I was more than glad to hear from you, altho I received a letter the night before. I don't tire of your letters any more than I used to before your name was Bosworth. I should judge our little Pet pretty nearly rules the ranch. (This was my first absence from home, and Harold was fourteen months old.) While you are away I may go to California on business. I am not going away till I see the new press work. There is a fair show of our getting the order for the coke ovens over in Gunnison County, and if we do it will keep us busy for five or six months. I think I shall also sell an order in Salt Lake. By the way, George had a letter from your Mother today, and she said she would start immediately for home and thence to "Grandma Bosworth's" and take her girl home. I am afraid to have you make the change while the weather is so hot. It is much

better for you on the farm. There is just one thing certain; if Harrie gets sick I want to know it by telegraph, and I should think then that Denver is the best place for him, and I will either go after you or meet you in Kansas City. I can't take any chances with that boy for Grandpas, Grandmas, or anybody else on either side of the house. How I would like to see you tonight! Goodbye with kisses for both. Ever your loving husband.

Sept. fifth. I am so glad Harold is so well. You do not say how you are. I have wished for you many times this Sabbath day and remembered you in my petitions that God would bless and keep you safely. It is a comfort to me to ask God to bless and keep you and Harold. Love and kisses to you both and love to Father and Mother.

San Francisco, Sept. twenty-third. Well, Two good letters came from you yesterday. I am truly glad your Mother thinks so much of me. I hope I may ever be worthy of her confidence. I went out to the Cliff House yesterday. A strong wind was blowing and the breakers came piling in at a tremendous rate. I tell you it makes one feel his insignificance to stand on the seashore and face an immense wave as it comes rolling over everything it finds in its path in its haste to waste itself on the sandy shore. From there I returned through a breezy park. Part of it was very fine, particularly the conservatory. My afternoon's sight seeing impressed me with two prominent characteristics of our God., the ocean with His infinite power, the flowers with His tenderness."

Oct. 9, 1881. Dearest Wife. Not withstanding it is five minutes after eleven and I have traveled twenty-eight miles by stage and thirty-one by rail today I must write you a few lines. I arrived from the geysers safe and sound this evening and found your letter written the thirtieth waiting for me. I have found another thing that makes me feel my littleness from a different standpoint but as

completely as did the ocean. I'll only whisper it to you.(Fleas) California has the toughest, sprightliest, and most persistent and industrious fleas of any state of the Union. I verily believe they watch the trains and ferry boats, and I think read carefully the telegraphed lists of through passengers on the overland train that they may feast of the poor deluded tenderfeet. I was met on the platform by a whole delegation of them and completely taken by storm. Wife, if this sounds a little "fishy" just attribute it to the fact that I have just come from a place where everything from a teaspoon to a steamboat bore the prefix of his satanic majesty. I only wonder that the Geyser people don't go a tiny bit further with their naming and acknowledge that it is a D---l of a high price. However, I am not sorry I went, but if any of them ever come to Denver, and I get a chance I'll turn bootblack for a few minutes just for the sake of charging them a dollar for a shine, and I'll run hotel long enough to duplicate their bill of fare. However, I have seen one more of the wonders of our Country. Will leave it to discuss when we meet. By the way--I was thirty-four years old yesterday. To be at the geysers was truly a romantic way of spending such an anniversary, first sitting in "The Devil's Armchair", next washing my hands in his washbowl, and using his inkstand, sipping 'his vinegar', drinking his lemonade,inhaling the steam from his smokey pipe, viewing his work shops, his kitchen and his cauldron, and throwing stones into the nozzle of his teapot, and finally taking a bath in water that smelt like the D---l if it wasn't his.

1881.

I wished for you many times during the day, not alone because of the peculiar associations, altho you would have improved them muchly, but more because I do not like to be away from you on anniversary days. It does seem like an age since I have seen you. Ah, Darling, we have been richly blest in our little one and in much that has knit our hearts and lives together very very closely. Yes we will keep the

same verse as our own, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass", and trust that God will continue His loving care and blessings. May He bless you and Harrie and keep us all until we meet again. I hope to start home not later than Tuesday. Will telegraph you from Ogden and Salt Lake. Love and kisses to you and the boy. Yours, Otis. "

Aug. "I have received both of your postals and am glad you are getting on so nicely. I tell you I would like to see you and Harrie tonight. I don't have time to get lonesome during the day, but when night comes I tell you I miss the loved ones of home. I have been working on the brick press all day. I feel more confident that ever that it will work nicely this time.---Kiss the pet for Papa and take the best of care of both yourself and him. God bless and keep you Darling. Love to Father and Mother. Lovingly, your husband."

Denver, Aug. "I have cooked and eaten oatmeal twice since you left. I don't know just why I did it only I thought it might be well to keep up the customs of the family so that when you come home we can fall into the even tenor of our ways gracefully.---I must close and retire. Kiss Harry for Papa. How I would like to see him and your dear self tonight. God bless you, Darling.

Denver. Sept. "Dearest Wife, Your letter of the fourth came yesterday morning. I should have answered it last night, but after such a 'sitting down upon' I thought I would try and make up for the degenerating effect of cooking, so put on my best bib and tucker(don't know but I would have worn a "spike Tail" coat if I could have found one) and go to the Opera. I blacked my boots and brushed my hat and with white necktie etc. etc. I looked stunning enough to make a "mash" with some millionaire's daughter. I didn't do it though, cause, you know I'm married and "hadn't orter." I did not get home until eleven o'clock. Grand does not express it for the Opera House. It is grand,

beautiful, and complete combined, but if I am allowed to assert my right to an individual opinion as a free born American and not be "set down upon" by public opinion I should say the troupe is almost as thin as Colorado air and not half so lively. The opera was Il Trovatore, and I heard it once in the old Ward's Hall by a troupe that had no particular notoriety when it was much better performed and sung. That was in the days that were, when I gushed because the principal character was called Leonora. I gushed a little last night when that lover of hers fondly pressed her to his heaving bosom--by the way his press was much on the principle of our brick press, sort of a toggle and knuckle joint affair, not quite as contracting and compressing but still quite powerful. Gushing would not answer last night; as true, noble, kind, and loving a wife as I have with a dear bright and happy pet as Harold awakens deeper love and nobler sympathy than a mere lover can experience, and although I am not so rash or demonstrative in expressing it, the feeling is not only on the surface but reaches down into my "heart of hearts" and forms part of my very being. I wished for you many times last night not so much to hear the music as to see the Opera House with me. I suppose the opera was very good, only I care very little of operas; and anyway to go there alone and sit complacently like a bump on a log was not very entertaining to me. This morning Uncle Frank, Will and I went to Golden to see the big press. We looked through the works of the English Company thoroughly, got all the new ideas we could that we deemed good, and came home on the eleven o'clock train.

As to my batching, I am truly sorry you feel as you do, because it is undue pride that to fully please you in would not only cost me double what I can afford but also a great amount of trouble. I come from the Works with my hands as black as they could be with grease and dirt from the machinery, my clothes and boots all dust, and with

so much work to do that I did not feel as if I could even spare time to warm up a lunch. To have gone downtown for dinner would have necessitated more careful washing and dressing and then I would have had to wait fifteen minutes at hotel or restaurant before I could have been served, then back home and change clothes. Not less than two hours and a half would have been consumed and two or three dollars lost to the company, and hence to myself, all because I wanted the world to think I had money enough to live without work. I assure you I have no love for batching, but I see nothing degrading in it or dishonorable. I shall do just as little of it as I can. God knows, Darling, that I would not grieve you intentionally and that I wish to "humor"you in your desires, but if you understood and realized the necessity of my doing such dirty work as I do sometimes at the shop, not so much from a financial need as because I can't get parties to do the work, and the amount of trouble it would be to do as you request, I do not believe you would be grieved or that you would ask it. I will not believe your annoyance is based on no higher grounds than that you are ashamed to have your husband do such work. It grieves me more than I can tell you not to have more money to give you so that you need not be so careful about what you spend. I shall not always be so, if God gives me strength and health to carry out my plans. But this is enough of this. Only know assuredly that I love you ten thousand times better than life.

Later. "Four hundred fifty-five at Sunday School today. I have been complimented several times on my handling of the school. I don't know but I may become a <u>good</u> superintendent yet."

I miss the patter of little feet and especially the happy face of our Darling when I come home at night, but I will try to be content ten or twelve days more. Am glad Harrie is no trouble in traveling.

These last two extracts are from letters written in ' 83 when we made our second visit to Grandma's. After our return Father had gone to the mountain towns on business, He writes, "How is Harrie? I telegraphed this afternoon to find out. God bless and keep you both.

In the fall Father went east on business. From my old home, Monmouth, Ill, he writes, "I came in on the loved ones here tonight. Found all well except Father and he in good spirits but with asthma. He is still firm in his trust. Before A.C. or Ethel went to bed he handed me the Bible you gave him and as he had the asthma asked me to read. I did so reading in course, as is their custom now. After the reading Father led in prayer. Father says they read thus night and morning. Mother and Bertha are still in Chicago; I saw them today as I came through. Bertha is improving under the doctor's care. Mother and Bertha bought Harrie a regular little soldier suit today. I have it with me. It consists of a cap, knapsack, shoulder straps, sword, and gun. They think with the red boots at Christmas time Harrie will be hardly able to contain himself. Well, Darling, I must close, hoping to see you in about a week. All send love."

July first, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-Five, because I was in delicate health, I left home for California, Harold with me. My parents had located in California a year or two previous. The Sunday School picnic was appointed for the day following. The first letter in this separation dated July 2, 1885. "I am about starting to the picnic. I have got my room nicely fixed and slept well there last night. It seemed mighty lonesome all the same. I wish you would telegraph when you arrive so I will know you are all right. I am a little anxious on accountsof the washouts. Love and kisses to my darling wife and boy."

I have before me very nearly a letter for each day of our absence from home. I do not attempt to give them all, only such as

will make you yet better acquainted with your father. July 4th. "We (your father's Bible and Training Class, numbering about fifty young people) had a real nice time at Dr. Hay's last night. We waited to see the Fourth come in. I protested against such late hours, but the class said they were managing the affair and me with it, so I submitted. Of course with the incoming of the Fourth came fireworks, and the consequence was I went to bed at one thirty. It was too late to walk out to George's so I stayed at the store, and I assure you I got about enough of living downtown. It is always bad enough anywhere within the city limits 4th of July and New Year's, but downtown last night from midnight to the present has been simply horrible. I managed to get a little sleep, however, and am feeling all O.K. Went out to the base ball grounds this morning to see the commission and produce men play a game for the benefit of the Ladies Relief and Orphan's Home. It was quite amusing to see the fat ones play. The circus is in full blast and in a few minutes the rain will be too.

"Well, Dearest, in the light of the last four days the time until September thirtieth will be well nigh interminable. When I know you are safely through and well, I expect to spend several days in Leadville looking up trade, etc. I would give a good deal to see you both today, but if you can come back to me well I shall not complain. I am boarding in good style at the Bon Ton. Love and kisses to you and Harold. Mizpah."

July 5. Dearest Wife and Boy, This is a beautiful Sabbath morning. No letter or telegram yet makes it decidedly lonesome. Still, can not but think you are all well, for I believe God watches over us both with tender care and will grant our sincere desire in your welfare. I do not know how people get along without the faith in God's care. It seems there would be such uncertainty in it all,

that life would be a constant worry."

July 7, 1885. "My dear Harold, Papa has not forgotten that you are five years old today. I have been thinking of you as with Grandpa and Grandma, Aunt Bertha, Aunt Ethel, and Uncle A.C. Many times I have wished that I too could join the circle. I scarcely know which would be the more proud of our boy, your Mother or myself. I am proud of you because I think you want to do right and be a real little gentleman and that you try to please Mamma so that when she comes home she will say to me, "Harold has been ever so good to me, taking care of me and helping me every day."

"The Bible which I gave you was to be your birthday present and Mamma writes me that you think a great deal of it. That makes me very happy. It makes some one else happy also, do you know who I mean? It is God, who sees you all the time and is happy when you love the Bible because it is his letter to you. I was out to our home the other day and saw Don. He was so glad to see me that he jumped upon me and licked my hands and seemed to almost laugh. Frances,(our servant) said when she asked him where you were he would look all around and then look up to her and almost cry. Papa did not have much fun on the Fourth of July because Mamma and his boy were not with him.

Now that you are five years old I want you to write me a letter. I want you to have lots of fun, yet help Mamma, then tell me all about it. A good hard hug for you, Darling, and kisses too. God bless you. Lovingly, your Papa. Kiss Mamma for me."

July 12, '85. "My very dear wife. It is ten o'clock and time to go to bed, but I think I will sleep better if I take time to write to you. I am glad you are so well. Be very careful not to do too much. I do so want you to get through safely both for your own health and for the dear little one which may be given us. Harold is a dear good boy. I am sorry you have not yet received the birthday card for

him.

Dr. Hays preached two excellent sermons today. I took him to the St. James to have dinner with me.---I hope this has been a precious Sabbath day to you. It is a precious thought that God is watching over and keeping each of us. God bless you and keep you safely."

July 15. "The date of this letter shows me it has only been fifteen days since you left,and yet it really seems a month at least. I may not say as much as I should, or used to, but the love is here, more intense than ever. I have never missed you so much as this time."

July 18. "Now, Darling, take no chances; go where you can be most comfortable and safest regardless of cost. Take the best care of yourself,and don't be afraid to let others wait upon you for a while. Much love to my darlings. Mizpah."

July 19. "Your good letter written on the eve of your departure for the coast rec'd tnight. You will need to study the times of the incoming tide so Harry and Ethel will not be caught by it. I feel sure the sea air will do you both good, but, my Darling, be very careful of your strength. Your statement as to finances was not very clear, but I concluded that when you wrote you had yet the fifty dollar draft. I will send you fifty dollars more in a few days for fear you may need it. Tell Harold California may be all very nice,but it does not contain our little home, and no country without that is equal to Colorado with it."

July 21. Well, Darling, write me as often as you can, if only a note. Don't worry. I am getting on nicely enough. The only thing that concerns me is for your health. Should anything unfavorable happen telegraph me at once and get the best physician to be had, but I trust you will have no need of one. I believe God will grant us another child. Harold is a dear good boy and makes me more and more thankful to God for him each day. Good night. God bless and keep you both safely. Ever your affectionate husband.

July 26. "My own dear Harold, Your little letter came to me bringing its ray of sunshine and gladness sometime ago. I was real glad to get it and wished I could go and see you. Mama.writes me you are a real little gentleman trying to help her all the time and making her no trouble. That is right, and I am sure it makes you happier as it does me to be good. I was out to our home the other evening and saw Don. He was very glad to see me and wanted to come downtown with me when I came away. The rose bushes are growing nicely, so is your corn although the weeds need pulling up about it badly. It is so thick I am afraid it will not have much corn on it. I see Dan and Jim every day or two when I am down at the works, they are well and waiting for you to come home. Papa is well but would like to see you and Mama very much. Kiss Mama for me and write me another letter. Lovingly, your Papa."

July 30. "My darling Wife, I have just finished reading a little book entitled,"The Dance of Death". It is a book Dr. Hays wished me to get and read, and then read to the boys in my class. I am thankful you were never a dancer. I believe I will send you a copy of the book so that Bertha may read it."

Aug. 3. "I intended to have written you again yesterday, but my boys took possession of me after Sunday School and took me up where Frank E. is rooming while the family is away. There was a piano there and Moore plays nicely, hence we sang all afternoon. It is truly gratifying to know my class think so much of me."

Aug. 5. "My dear Harold, Your good letter came this afternoon. I got it from the Post Office on my way to supper and read it before I got to the hotel where I am boarding. I would love dearly to be with you and go bathing with you. I am glad mud pies bake nicely out there. How do you think Don would like to go bathing with you? Wouldn't it be fun to ride him into the water and let the waves come

splashing up against him. I expect they would pretty nearly knock you off his back. I wish you could have come with me today. First there were about thirty young men on bicycles, then a band, then some men on horseback, then two big wagons fastened together and drawn by four white horses. There had been seats made on the wagons and a lot of young ladies dressed in black and white, some with flags around their shoulders, were seated there. One young lady represented the Goddess of Liberty, and each of the others carried a shield on which was printed the name of the state or territory which she represented. After these came ever so many wagons all nicley decorated, ever so many soldiers with their guns, some on horseback and some on foot. Every little while a band would come along playing some nice music. Then came the boy soldiers, one of them had a sword and was all dressed up in a bright blue uniform. He was the captain. Then came the other boys with blue uniforms and soldier caps on. Each had a truly gun, but they were not loaded. It was all very nice, and I wished for you that you might see it. Tomorrow is Sunday, and I wish you were here to go to church and Sunday School with me. Mama writes me that you are a dear good boy and that you listen to her reading the Bible to you every day. This makes Papa very happy. God bless you, Darling. Write to me often. Goodbye. Lovingly, your Papa."

Aug 7. "My dear Wife. I am not a little amused at your opinion of the book on dancing. I came near heading this letter, My dear little Innocence Abroad. But, laying aside all jesting whether you believe the book or not it is true."

Aug. 14. "Although it is late yet I must write you a letter before finishing the day. It is not the first thought of the day this timebut nearly the last and, I trust, will be equally as good as the first for I come from two hours study of the Sunday school lesson, Elijah at Horeb, It is a grand lesson, and I have gotten full of it. I have been thinking about it more or less all week but some-

how could not get at it. But tonight I began it after asking help of Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and the lesson opened up to me until I have thoroughly enjoyed its study. Elijah was so human, like many a man today, not afraid of kings or four hundred fifty people of Baal, but when a poor weak woman threatened him, he immediately wilted and fled the country. It has its ludecrous view and also the sober. But I will not recapitulate from my notes because they are too numerous, being already six pages large as this. I hope I can make the lesson a help to my class."

Aug. 15. "It is after ten o'clock, but I am not tired and must write to you before retiring. I have put two hours more on that Sunday School lesson and have enjoyed every minute of the time.

You are making me happy by your daily talks on paper, and do not for an instant suppose I am any the less thoughtful. I have missed but one day in a long time and that was the day I was in Leadville, but I wrote two sheets full last night to make up. I do not understand the delay in my letters for I always put them in the Post Office in the morning in time for the afternoon mail."

Aug. 23. "My dear Wife, This letter may go on the same train that I take to meet you.----God bless and keep you, Darling, and speed the time when we shall be together again in our little home. Love and kisses to both of you. Ever yours, Otis."

The next letters which are the last letters are those addressed to Palmer Lake. July 1890. They are brief remembrances written almost daily between the times of Father's coming to the Lake. The card sent back by the hack driver the first time Father left us, in the Glen, when Harold was not well reads, "Dear Wife, If Harold complains of his back, rub with dilute alcohol. Don't let him run around today. Have him sleep all he can. I will come back on Friday morning's train if I can. Yours, Otis.

Monday morning, July 21. Arrived home at seven thirty all O.K.

Forgot Harold's shoes. Have not been out to the house but go as soon as this is finished,----Ever so much love."

In a later letter: "How is Arthur? I feel a little worried about him. I went up to see Doctor but did not find him in. Love and kisses to all.

July 30. "Dearest Wife, I send you by express today a bottle of Phillips Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and a bottle of Valentine's Meat Juice for Arthur.

July 31. Thursday evening.---"Will be up on Saturday morning. I enclose a letter for you. Am very busy. Am glad Arthur is better. Love to all" This we received on Friday. Saturday Dear Father came and was with us Sunday as I have told you, and Monday "He was not for God took him."

"But because the way is Eternal,
And because no spirit in vain
Can breathe on another God's blessing
Those pilgrims shall meet again."

"My Sons, keep thy Father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light."

"I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth. Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Finis

"As a man purposeth in his heart so is he."

Resolutions of The Manufacturers' Exchange
Resolutions of the Building and Loan Association
Resolutions of Synod of Colorado
Resolutions of Session of Central Presbyterian Church
Resolutions of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor
Resolutions of Sunday School of Central Presbyterian Church
Resolutions of the Twenty-Third Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School and of Hyde Park Church
Resolutions of The Masonic Fraternity

From Resolutions sent by The Masonic Fraternity;

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from this
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that tommorrow comes?
Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years, ere they
Have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid
With tears and pain;
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk lest with thee henceforth
Night and day regret should walk."

Typed by one of the eight loyal grandchildren,

each of whose love is even more boundless

than the mistakes in these copies.

Thank you Richard!

With love and appreciation Yours,

Grandmother.

L.S.B.

To my Grandson,

Richard Harding Bosworth

who has so skillfully completed with his typewriting my manuscript Memoir of his Grandfather, J.O. Bosworth, this copy is presented with grateful and affectionate appreciation.

As ever yours.

Grandma Bosworth

Denver. July 6th. 1940.